

For the Herald and Journal.
STANZAS.
BY MRS. HARMONY C. GARDNER.

The Summer has passed by, its carous,
I hope, its trials, and its prayers,
To transient joys, its follies free,
Have passed into eternity,
And of its pleasures none remain;
We only may its faithful memories retain.

I know the flowers must pass away,
I know the leaves must fall decay,
The beautiful, the fresh, and bright,
Can not retain their transient prime,
But I forget the course of time,
Until I see its footprints light.
Upon my favorite maple's lofty height.

The forest tells me that art gone,
Fair Summer, and the spires bloom
And freshness of the flowers are dead,
Save where some solitary rose
Enamelled in the wild wood grows,
And with its odors seems to spread
Around the mournful tale that close at hand is told.

The sprays from the laurel borne,
Tell us that the time has gone;
I love the music of the breeze,
But now the sighing, plaintive moan,
That murmurs amid the waving trees,
Awakens in my heart deep, mournful memories.

The gorgeous tints of Autumn rest
Upon the forest's leafy crest,
And on the shrub's light robe they shine;
The early frost's rich pencilling
Is all around, on every thing;
In coloring and design,
It speaks the Artist's skill, unequalled and divine.

I see it all—but yet the feeling
Is e'er so early o'er me stealing,
That all this loveliness beneath
Hides the shadow of the night,
That all that charms the ravished sight
Is fleeting, transient as a breath.
Its glorious lines are but the hectic flush of death.

For the Herald and Journal.

ITINERANT ADVENTURES IN MAINE.
SKETCH OF REV. E. MUDGE.

At the Thompson Conference, Rev. E. Mudge was stationed at Bath. J. Lee went to the South to visit his friends and attend Gen. Conference, and instructed Mr. Mudge to visit the first two of the Quarterly Conferences. When he arrived at Bath, he found Mr. Lee, who had been left behind the session of the Conference, and carried him instructions to proceed to Penobscot. Mr. Mudge positively refused to go, particularly as he, by some accident or neglect, had not been served with a plan of the circuit, nor any directions how to proceed. This would have been no matter of difficulty to Mr. Lee, but to a young preacher it was a very formidable circumstance. After some discussion and consideration, Mr. Mudge concluded to leave Mr. Lee to supply Bath for a quarter, and go himself to Penobscot. But where was it—who was to be inquired of for it—in what town? &c., for Penobscot implied all the territory in the region of Penobscot River. However, the appointment must be supplied, and he set out on bad roads, and among strangers. His horse became lame, and with much difficulty he got along on foot and on horseback, until he passed Belfast and was approaching Prospect. Here, late on Saturday afternoon, he got lost, having taken a lumber road, which led to an opening near the shore. He described a house, and made his way to it across the fields as best he could. On knocking at the door he got no answer; he went round the house to another door, but no answer. When about to leave, a man called out at a window, and informed him he had been at work in repairing the house—that no one lived there—that he was going to a back settlement several miles from the shore, but he could show him the way to the next house, where he thought he might be lodged for the night. It was now growing dark. His story was slowly told, and it was agreed he would preach there the next day—that the appointment should be carried by the carpenter to all he could find, and others were despatched from the house to Knox's Island, and out towards Prospect, so that by 10 o'clock the next day quite a number were assembled. Mr. Mudge, having retired to a small bed room, while the people were collecting, heard much inquiring who the preacher was, of what denomination, &c. This, said he to himself, is just what I needed. He took his parchment of ordination, and when the people were assembled, got on the stand which had been prepared, and addressed the people thus:—"This nation, when a stranger comes to preach among a people, that they should inquire who he is, where from, what doctrine he preaches, &c. This is right. Such inquiries should be answered with candor and readiness. Here are the certificates of my ordination, by which I have been regularly appointed to labor in this part of the country—am on my way to Penobscot river to fill the places lately occupied by J. L. T. H., and P. W., but by accident am thrown among you for a Sabbath, to whom I am ready to preach the gospel, and hope, through your prayers, and the supply of the Spirit, it may be profitable to your souls. After preaching, made such inquiries as enabled him to proceed the next day. On reaching the Penobscot River, he made inquiries of the ferryman if he had ever known or heard of a Mr. J. Lee, or any other Methodist preacher who had heretofore preached in that region. He replied he had not, but had heard of their preaching up the river, and directed him where to make further inquiries. Going onward he found a place where they had preached, but was not invited to stop, but directed him to another place where they had been. Here things were quite a different aspect. The good woman bid him welcome, said her husband was from home, which he did. Such a hearty welcome, in the name of the Lord, made the preacher's heart bound with joy. Here was a couple that had experienced religion at Nova Scotia, under the ministry of Garrison and his coadjutors. Here the night was spent in peace and comfort, and the information obtained as to the general scene of the preceding preacher's labors. The next day Mr. Mudge went to Orrington, and found others who were ready to give a cordial welcome to their new preacher. He set about the work of Sabbath following, gave out appointments for the week, circulated in all directions, the appointments were well attended. The second Sabbath, appointments for the week ensuing were made as before, for such a settlement for Monday, such an one Tuesday, and so on. I shall be in such a neighborhood on such a day, and will preach in any house the neighbors may appoint, he ex-

claimed. "At my house, at my house," said a man present, Mr. —. Accordingly, the appointment was made at Mr. —'s, and the preacher arrived just as the family had sat down to dinner. Come, said Mr. S., the boy shall take care of your horse; then pointing to a bottle sitting near, said, help yourself to something to drink; we have waited some time for you. Mr. M. excused himself, saying he was not in the habit of drinking spirit. He soon saw his host was displeased, and took it ill that he had declined the cup. Things went on rather unpleasantly until meeting time, which was some miles distant. The meeting was commenced as usual, and he had proceeded but a short time in his discourse, when he saw the man of the house kindling up and moving spasmodically. At last he broke forth "You lie—you have come here to preach false doctrine," &c. Mr. M. desired the privilege of going through his sermon without being molested, and he would then give a fair opportunity for any remarks. "Well, you go on." But very soon the spirit of the bottle moved his host to another outbreak, when it became too apparent that there was no time to lose in getting the congregation from the house. They were there-fore dismissed, and most of them hurried away as fast as possible. A noble-looking woman stepped forward, and invited the preacher to go home with her, "for," said she, "my husband (giving him name) having business to do out of town, requested me to come to meeting, and invite you to come to our house, and tarry to-night, as it will be on your way to your next appointment." This was a providential door opened for the preacher. But how should he get away?—The man of the house insisted that he expected the preacher to tarry with him. The preacher, however, went and took his saddle, bridle, and portmanteau, and was going out of the room, with a view to get his horse and be off as quietly as possible. But the man of the house started, took the saddle and threw it back. The good lady, who had waited for the preacher, stepped forward, saying, Mr. —, why don't you let the minister have his things? I am waiting to have him go home with me, according to my husband's desire." "O," replied he, "do you think I will let the minister wait on himself, when he comes to my house? I have boys; they shall get his horse, and wait on him, if he wishes to go." Thus he waited with much patience as the circumstances would allow, until the horse was ready, and the minister was glad to get off with a whole skin. Rum had made the man mad and full of rage, and the family had to take the remainder of his wrath as best they could manage by humoring, obeying, or fleeing. He was a noble-minded, generous man, when free from drink, but tremendous when in liquor, and the dread of all around when under its influence. But the best of the story is to be told. It was not long before the Holy Spirit humbled, melted, and changed his heart, and the preacher had the happiness of baptizing and taking him into the church, where he continued for a faithful and devoted Christian. Thus the work of God revived, and the comforts of the Holy Ghost were multiplied.

How different were the former times from the present. Then the preachers did not look out for a good station, beforehand. The great anxiety was for work. They often stood ready, with saddle bags on their arm, and horses ready at the door, on hearing their appointment read off, to go to the Presiding Elder for the plan of their circuit, and directions for getting to it. In a few minutes they were mounted, and on their way. But unfortunately Mr. M. had no plan, no directions, no names of persons or places, to help his inquiries. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof. Here was one without a knowledge of a place where to rest for a night, where to get a meal of victuals, or the name of a friend on whom to call, in case of necessity. God did provide. It was not in vain to trust in him. He had a quiet, confiding trust in Him whom he believed had called him to the work, and who had said, "Lo, I am with you." He looks back with astonishment on scenes gone by, and can only say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me!"

Mr. M.'s labors were continued on Penobscot River, with the exception of visiting the Quarterly Meetings at Readfield and Portland circuits, and to administer the ordinances in the principal parts of the circuit. He took young Peter Jayne with him to Penobscot, when he returned from his first tour of Quarterly Meetings, and he continued with him until the time for the next Quarterly tour, when he was left at Penobscot, to keep up the appointment until Mr. M.'s return. Jayne, by his fervency and zeal, gave promise of becoming a very useful preacher. Some time after this, Mr. Mudge visited the towns down at the entrance of the river and bay, where effectual doors were opened, and the work of God revived. He also visited the Fox Islands, chiefly confining his labors to the Southern Island, and the small ones contiguous. His method was to leave Orrington in an open fishing boat, with persons going down among the islands to take fish. When the wind or tide came strongly against them, or when it became too dark to proceed, they went ashore into a cove or some level place, drew up the boat, struck up a fire, and laid down on the shore for the night, or till a change of wind, or tide, or rising of the moon. These were generally interesting scenes, as they led to an acquaintance with persons and circumstances from which the faithful laborer was to be learned. Often he said, if men can cheerfully and without complaint endure such little privations, and labor for worldly convenience and advantages, how cheerfully should the servants of Christ submit to these things, for the sake of winning souls to him, and spreading the knowledge of salvation among the destitute.

We are not to suppose these men had no seasons of dejection and trial. When weary, hungry, sick, and exhausted, a man must have borne more than human not to have felt the mind borne down and tried. There was, however, that steadfastness of purpose which led to perseverance. It would be very interesting, could we, at this distance of time, and change of circumstances, know more of their private exercises, and especially their trials of study and thought. This much we know, that when in a boat, or sitting on the shore, by day light, that the pocket Bible might be seen open before them. When on horseback, or stopping to rest on a log in the wilderness, the Bible and hymn-book were their companions. The volume of nature was open before them in all its variety of beauty, grandeur, and usefulness. Human nature was also seen in all its modes and forms of operation. A studious mind could not fail to gather a store of useful knowledge for the practical parts of the ministry. Their preaching was Scriptural, and their addresses were direct to the heart and conscience of men of all conditions. They knew how to sympathize with those in trial and affliction, to draw out the sympathies of others. If there was less of art and science, there was more of truth and power in their ministrations than is

often met with at the present day. We do not wish to make invidious comparisons between preachers of former and the present time. The word and works of God being more studied than books of science, or even of theology, their figures, illustrations, and examples were more familiar to all classes of hearers. The epistolary correspondence of some of these men might amuse literary students by its style and manner, yet it would show mind and thought that cannot be so easily found in books. Their discussions, too, on the road and from Quarterly Meetings and Conferences, would manifest raciness, or ripeness of intellect, and acquaintance with men and things. When I think of these, Merritt, Jayne, and others stand before me. Several of my early acquaintances kept journals, which, I suppose, shared the fate of mine, and it may be presumed the world is not much impoverished thereby.

For the Herald and Journal.
VIEWS OF CHRIST.
CHRIST THE MOST FAITHFUL FRIEND.
There are none on earth in whom we can at all times safely rely; none in whom we can place implicit and unbounded confidence. Earthly friends may sicken and die, or what is worse, their friendship may cease, their love grow cold, and their affections become estranged. Today their friendship appears ardent and sincere, while on the morrow, perchance, they are cold and indifferent; sending, thereby, to the hearts of the sensitive, a pang of keenest sorrow. But Christ Jesus is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He never deserts so long as the souls clings to him. "From everlasting to everlasting," is the epithet of his love. "Having loved his own that were in the world, he loves them even unto the end." He'll not prove faithless or untrue.

"He'll not make our expectations vain,
Nor disappoint our trust."

The language of the heavenly Bridegroom to his bride on earth is, "I have betrothed thee unto me for ever." Safely then may the soul anchor its hopes, and repose its trust in Jesus, for "he'll never, no, never, forsake!" He is, saith the poet,

"A mighty Being, and in him we find
A complicated friend;
A husband, brother, God, and there's no dread
Of death, divorce, or end."

"Those who this matchless Friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part."

In the darkest days, when no gleam of earthly hope calivens the gloom, they may rush into the arms of Jesus, recline upon his affectionate bosom, every pulsation of which speaks of love for them, and find, in his divine friendship, that happiness which the world can neither give nor take away. The faithfulness of Jesus may be confidently relied upon, not only through life, but at the solemn hour when flesh and heart are failing. He will guide believers through "the dark valley and shadow of death," and on the morning of the resurrection present them faultless before his Father's presence with exceeding joy.

It is something, amid this world of changes, to know that there is an *unchangeable Being* in whom the soul may with safety confide, and who will render the needed succor at that trying moment, when a mortal arm is impotent to save. His throne, blessed be God, stands secure and immovable. The waves of change and ruin may rush past it, and beat against it, but it will remain undisturbed and unshaken for ever. Let, then, the children of grief, and want, and care, come hither and cast their burdens on the sinners' friend. "Come unto me," says Christ, "all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Whatever may be the creature's trials and discouragements, here is a pillow on which he may cast himself, and find repose.

"Here rest, my long divided heart,
Fixed on a blissful center rest."

Presume to put any lasting dependence upon earthly friends, and they oftentimes prove as a broken reed that pierces the hand that leans upon it. Even if their love remain unabated, they can never always lend the needed help. One may love absent friends, and yet avail them nothing, nor they so much as know it. Untoward circumstances often place far asunder the nearest and truest friends, so that their power to bless each other is limited, if not entirely cut off. That mother, dear reader, who is the best friend you have this side of Jesus Christ, is often unable to relieve you in your greatest needs. We have all read the beautiful story of Jonathan's love for David; he loved him exceedingly—his love for him was "greater than the love of woman," yet he could not do much for his friend, nor prevent his being expelled from his native country. But Christ is an *ever present* and an *Almighty Friend*. His love not only surpasses the strongest love of the children of men, but it is all powerful to do all that for the soul which it needs. He alone can save from the power and dominion of sin, and its fearful consequences. "There is none other name given under heaven or among men, whereby we must be saved." Then, ye sons of earth, hug your glittering dust, your short-lived pleasures, your fading beauties, and your fleeting honors; yet think not that these will always stand by you; but for the Christian, he would always have a home in the heart of an Almighty friend, and thus in spite of poverty, he is rich; in spite of worldly losses, he has all things, and abounds.

Gifts from earthly friends shall end, their powers to bless for ever cease; but the friendship of Jesus shall neither end nor change towards those who cleave to him until life's close, and it shall brighten, and heighten for ever in glory above, when the soul arrives at its center, and rests with unspeakable delight in the bosom of God. O, that an unbelieving world might come, and taste, and see that the Lord Jesus Christ is good and gracious! *His love is full of love.* Here, in this world, it shines like the morning star through the scattering clouds, while in yonder heaven it is the sun, and the moon, and the stars in all its meridian splendor. The friendship of Jesus is inexhaustible, notwithstanding the deep and wide rivers that have deluged with a flood of love the whole universe, that have run in mighty torrents among angelic and seraphic hosts above, and in amazing inundations among fallen men below! The ocean will never be a single drop the less for all the waterings of the sweet groves of bliss, which satisfy the great minds of Gabriel and his glorious retinue, who are singing and bowing before the throne; or the boundless tides of love and salvation which have swept over this sin-polluted world, for the benefit of Adam's apostate sons and daughters. Roll on, ye swift-winged moments, and come, too, ye everlasting days, that I may plunge this weary heart of mine into a sea of glory, an ocean of eternal love, and know what it is to be clasped in the friendly arms of my Jesus for ever and ever!

W. C. W.

THE SUM OF TRIFLES;
OR
"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY GAINED."
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Saving! Don't talk to me about saving," said one journeyman mechanic to another. "What can a man with a wife and three children save out of eight dollars a week?"

"Not much, certainly," was replied—"but still if he is careful, he may save a little."

"Precious little!" briefly returned the other, with something like contempt in his tone.

"Even a little is worth saving," was answered to this. "You know the old proverb, 'Many little make a mickle.' Fifty cents laid by every week will amount to twenty-six dollars a year."

"Of course that's clear enough. And a dollar saved every week will give the handsome sum of fifty-two dollars a year. But how is the half dollar, or the dollar to be saved, I should like to know? I cannot do it, I am sure."

"I can, then, and my family is as large as yours, and my wages no higher."

"If you say so, I am bound to believe you, but I must own myself unable to see how you do it. Pray, how much do you save?"

"I have saved about seventy-five dollars a year for the last two years."

"You have?" in surprise.

"Yes, and I have it all snugly in the Savings' Bank."

"Bless me! How have you done this? For my part, it is as much as I can possibly do, to keep out of debt. My wife is as hard-working as a woman as is to be found anywhere, but all won't do. I expect my nose will be at the grindstone all my life."

"How much does tobacco cost you, Johnson?"

"Nothing to speak of. A mere trifle," replied the man named Johnson.

"A shilling a week?"

"About that."

"And you take something to drink, now and then?"

"Nothing but a little beer. I never use anything stronger."

"I suppose you never take, on an average, more than one glass a day?"

"No, not that."

"But you sometimes ask a friend to take a glass with you?"

"Of course, that is a thing we must all do sometimes."

"Which will make the cost about equal to one glass a day?"

"I suppose it will; but that's nothing."

"Six glasses a week, at sixpence each, will make just the sum of three shillings, which, added to the cost of tobacco, will make fifty cents a week for beer and tobacco, and what would amount to a hundred dollars and over, in four years."

"Dear knows, a poor mechanic has few enough comforts, without depriving himself of trifles like these," said Johnson.

"By giving up such trifles as these—for trifles they really are—permanent and substantial comforts may be gained. But, besides tobacco and drinking beer, you indulge in a plate of oysters, now and then, do you not?"

"Certainly I do. A hard-working man ought to be allowed to enjoy himself a little sometimes."

"And this costs you two shillings, weekly, and the persevering friend."

"At least that," was replied.

"How often do you take a day's holiday to yourself?"

"Not often, I do it very rarely."

"Not often than once a month?"

"No."

"As often?"

"Yes, I suppose I take a day for recreation about once a month, and that is little enough, dear knows."

"You spend a trifle at such times, of course?"

"Well, let us see. Your wages per day come to one dollar, thirty-three cents and one-third. This sum multiplied by twelve, the number of days lost in a year, gives sixteen dollars. Half a dollar spent a day for twelve days makes six dollars, and six added to sixteen amounts to twenty-two. Now, have I not calculated it fairly?"

"I believe you have," replied Johnson in an altered tone. "But I never would have believed it."

"Add to this, thirteen dollars a year that you pay for oysters, and you have—"

"Not so fast, if you please. I spend no such sum as you say for oysters."

"Let us try our multiplication again," coolly remarked his friend. "Twenty-five cents a week multiplied into fifty-two weeks, gives exactly thirteen dollars. Isn't it so?"

"Humph! I believe you are right. But I never would have thought it."

"Add this thirteen dollars to the twenty-two it costs you for twelve holidays in the year, and this again to the price of your beer and tobacco, and you will have just sixty-one dollars a year that might be saved. A little more careful examination into your expenses, would no doubt detect the sum of fourteen dollars that might be saved as well as not, which, added to the sixty-one dollars, will make seventy-five dollars a year, uselessly spent, the exact sum I am able to put in the Savings' Bank."

Johnson was both surprised and mortified, at being thus convicted of spending nearly one-fifth of his entire earnings in self-gratification, of one kind or another. He promised both himself and his friend that he would at once reform the matter and try to get ahead just as he had a growing family that would soon be much more expensive than it was at present.

Some months afterwards, the friend who had spoken so freely to Johnson, met him coming out of a tavern, and in the act of putting tobacco in his mouth. The latter looked a little confused, but said with as much indifference as he could assume—

"You see I am at my old trick again!"

"Yes, and I am truly sorry for it. I was in hopes you were going to practice a thorough system of economy, in order to get beforehand."

"I did try, but it's no use. As to giving up tobacco, that is out of the question; I can't do it. Nor could you if you had ever formed the habit of chewing or smoking."

"We can do almost anything, if we try hard enough, Johnson. We fail because we give up trying. My tobacco and cigars used to cost me

just twice what yours cost you, and yet I made a resolution to abandon the vile weed altogether, and what is better, have kept my resolution. You see, the thing can be done. All that is wanted is sufficient firmness and perseverance. I used to like a glass of ale, too, and a plate of oysters, but I saw the expense was rather a serious matter, and the indulgence did not do me a particle of good. So I gave them up also, and if you try hard enough, you can do it too."

"I don't know—perhaps I might; but somehow or other, it strikes me that seventy or eighty dollars a year laid up in the Savings' Bank is rather dear saving, if made at the expense of every comfort a poor man has. What good is the money going to do?"

"A strange question that to ask, Johnson. I will tell you what good it is going to do me. I intend saving every cent I can possibly lay by, until I get five hundred dollars; and then I mean to set up for myself, and become a master workman. After that, I hope to get along a little faster, and be able to send my children, who will be pretty well advanced by that time, to better schools. I shall be able, I hope, to get help for my wife, who will need assistance in the house."

"All very well to talk about, but not so easily done," replied Johnson.

"I don't know. For every effect, there is an adequate cause. The cause of all this will be the saving of seventy-five dollars a year. This I have been doing for three years, and I hope to be able to do it for three or four years longer. Then the desired effect, in a capital of five hundred dollars, upon which to commence business, will be produced. Is it not so?"

"Yes, I suppose it is. But it is one thing to commence business, and another to succeed in it. There are plenty of chances in favor of your losing every cent you have, and then being obliged to go back to journey-work, which will not be the most agreeable thing in the world. For my part, I would much rather enjoy what little I have as I go along, than to stint and deny myself everything comfortable for six or seven years in order to set up business for myself, and then lose every cent. It is not every man, I can tell you, who is fit to go into business, nor every man who can succeed if he does. The fact is, there must be journeyman as well as master workmen. As for me, I have no taste for going into business, and don't believe I should succeed if I did set up myself. I expect to work at journey-work all my life, and might just as well take my comfort as I go along."

"I shall not attempt to dispute what you say about some men being born to be journeymen, and others to be master workmen," replied the friend of Johnson, "for I am very well aware that the gifts of all men are so peculiarly constituted, that they would not succeed if they were to set up business for themselves. But the want of a business capacity or inclination, is no reason at all why a journeyman mechanic should not save every cent he can earn."

"What good will it do him? He is bound to be a poor worker all his life, and why should he deny himself the few comforts he has as he goes along, in order to lay up a hundred or two dollars?"

"I am surprised to hear you ask such a question, Johnson. But I will answer it by saying that he should do it for the reason that I save my money; that is, to enable him to educate his children well, to lighten his own and his wife's toil when they grow older, and to be able to obtain for his family more of the comforts of life than they now enjoy."

"I don't exactly see how all that is to be achieved. Suppose he gets together as much as five hundred dollars; and instead of risking it in his business he sends his children to some expensive school, hires help for his wife, and takes some comfort as he goes along; how long do you suppose his five hundred will last?"

"Pardon me, Johnson," replied his friend, "but I must say you are a very short-sighted mortal. If you can't imagine any better mode of using your five hundred dollars, after you have saved it, I don't blame you for not caring about making the attempt to do so. But I can tell you a better way."

"Well, let us hear it."

"With your five hundred dollars, after you have saved it, you could buy yourself a snug little cottage with an acre of ground around it. How much rent do you pay now?"

"Seventy-five dollars a year."

"Of course this would be saved after that, which, added to what you were already saving, would make a hundred and fifty dollars a year. Take fifty of that to buy yourself a cow, some pigs and chickens, and to get lumber for your pigsty, hen-house, and shed for your cow in winter, and you have a hundred dollars left, the first year, to go into the Savings' Bank. Your garden, which you could work yourself by rising an hour or two earlier in the morning, your cow, your chickens and your pigs, would make a sufficient saving in your expenses to pay for all additional charges in entering your children at better schools. In three years more, laying by a hundred and fifty dollars a year, which you could easily do, would give you enough to buy another cottage and an acre of ground, which you could rent to a good tenant for eighty dollars a year. In three years more, going on with the same economy, you would have seven hundred dollars more to invest, which could be done in property that would yield you seventy or eighty dollars a year additional income. By this time the village would have grown out towards your ground, and perhaps doubled, may be quadrupled, its value for building lots, some of which you could sell, and adding the amount to the savings of a couple of years, he able to build one or more comfortable houses on your own lots. Going on in this way, year after year, by the time your ability to work as a journeyman began to fail you, the necessity for work would not exist, for you would have a comfortable property, the regular income from which would more than support you. Now all this may be done by simply giving up your tobacco, beer, and oysters, and your day's holiday once a month. Is not the result worth the trifling sacrifice, Johnson?"

"It certainly is," was the serious reply. "You have represented a very attractive picture, and I suppose a true one."

"It is, you may depend upon it. Every journeyman mechanic, if he be industrious and have a prudent wife, as you have, may accumulate a snug little property, and live quite at his ease when he passes the prime of life. Is it not all very plain to you?"

"It certainly is, and I am determined that I will try to get ahead just in the way you describe. If you can save seventy-five dollars a year, there is no good reason why I should not do the same."

"None in the world. Only persevere in your economy and self-denial, and you are certain of accomplishing all I have set forth."

Ten years afterwards, the friend who had striven so hard to make him see his interest and act accordingly, was doing as fine a business as any master workman in the village. His children were going to good schools, and his wife, now the mistress of a neat, comfortable, well furnished house, was relieved from the hardest of

the domestic duties, by a strong, active, faithful domestic. Johnson reformed for a little while, and then sunk down into his old ways and went on as usual. Mrs. Johnson had to work much harder than before, for her family had increased from three to six children; while her husband, instead of drinking one glass a day, now indulged in two or three, and in various ways spent upon himself nearly double what he did when his friend strove so hard to make him give up his tobacco, ale, oysters, and holidays. His vices and self-indulgence had grown upon him.

Hopelessly his poor wife, now in ill health, is toiling on, and will have to toil on until she sinks from exhaustion, into the grave, and her children become scattered among strangers, to bear the hard lot of the orphan.

For the Herald and Journal.
"I'LL BE HONEST."
"Stern self-denial, counting all things lost
For Christ."—Montgomery.

Honesty is a rare virtue in this cold world.—Times of prosperity may permit us to practice it, but when stern adversity approaches, and meagre want stares us in the face, it costs something to be honest. Only a heart sternly virtuous and constantly addicted to self-denial, can view the rags and want of its own offspring, and still cling to its integrity.

The hand of the weak falters, his foot slides, and he goes to the way to do evil. Sinners entice him by circumstances of discouragement, and a dire fate presses hard on him. It is in times of adversity, that man oversteps the boundary which God has laid down for him; the law of Jehovah is violated by his frail, dying creature.

How refreshing to behold occasionally a spirit that braves the storm, rises superior to fortune, and adheres to the strict dictates of justice. Such a spirit was Ewald. A son of New England, the blood of the old Puritans ran in his veins. From those noble, pure-hearted sires, he inherited an iron resolution, and love of strict integrity. The Scriptures were taught him after the old Puritan style. He revered the Bible as the family statute book and the prize most dearly cherished by his parents; but as yet he had not learned that it was a law binding his own conscience. He was yet sportive, and showed no trust as the result of the seed early sown in his heart. Fears were entertained that he would be left to himself, and that sinners would entice him to the paths of vice, where he must sooner or later eat the fruit of bitterness. Both his parents were solicitous to see him a Christian ere he should leave the paternal mansion. For this they often prayed, but were doomed to disappointment. Their son, while yet in sportive boyhood, wandered away to the sunny plains of the South. But in the land of his pilgrimage God had spoken good concerning him. He was followed by those family prayers and holy teachings to which he had so often listened.

Being among strangers, and far from home, the instruction of his father's friends had time to settle deep in his mind. Not long after he began his sojourn in the South, some kind influence led him to the Methodist Church, a place he seldom visited, being of another school—where the Rev. Dr. C. was holding a series of meetings. It was here God taught Ewald that he was a sinner, whose case, without repentance, was hopeless.—He resolved now to dedicate himself to the service of God. He struggled in prayer for pardon at the hand of God, whom he saw and felt he had so deeply offended. Peace soon visited his breast—he found the pearl of great price, and went on his way rejoicing. Henceforth he was a Christian, and the church that was instrumental in his conversion became his church. He sat down beside her altar, to drink of the waters of life and be refreshed.

In the goods of this life he was also enriched, and all his temporal business remarkably prospered. Wealth rolled in upon him, unbidden.—And amid this influx of wealth, he retained his devotional habits. He was strict in the discharge of each duty, showing his faith by his works.—Benevolence could not be foreign to such a heart. He loved the poor, and cared for them, dealing out to them of the things with which God had prospered him. All the milder Christian virtues were blended in his character. All loved him. The multitude, admiring, said as he passed by, "Here is a genuine specimen of Christian devotedness."

Edward married a youthful, lovely wife, virtuous like himself. She promised to be a well-spring of purest joy. Providence bid him change his residence. He returned to his own New England and entered into business extensively, in one of our central cities. Business crowded upon him, and profits filled his coffers. A partner was selected, and a branch business established in another place. All things glided smoothly on. His house was elegantly, though not extravagantly, furnished. A little son and daughter caused each parent's heart to be glad—to swell with joy. Who could say he would not be one of our richest men? All things promised it. He was prudent—judicious, and a man of penetration. Perchance he will bless the world by his generous deeds, and enroll his name with the benefactors of his race.

But Providence willed it not so to be. He bore in his breast a gem that could be polished only in the crucible of affliction. His partner proved recreant to his trust, and departed to a distant land, bearing with him a large amount of treasure and other valuables. The stately fabric of E. was in ruins, while he stood demurely surveying them. Those sudden riches had taken wings and flown away. He was by this unexpected stroke reduced to penury, and involved too deeply to be able to tell how to extricate himself. His spirit was deeply agonized.

The law permitted him to escape by the payment of a certain percentage. Friends and good men came near, and spoke to him comfortable words. They whispered that, compelled by ill fortune, as he was, to relinquish his property, it would not be a sin to relieve himself of a burden which else might trouble even his children.—Ewald looked on the sweet babes which God had given him, and reflected that his misfortune might reduce them to beggary, while a little tampering about the law, might make them a comfortable home for life. He looked on the wife of his youth and wept in the bitterness of his grief.—"What shall I do?" It was a trying moment. The floods had almost gone over him, and he saw no way of escape. But he felt that he must regard God. He stood up superior to his fortune, and said, "I'll be honest." Ten long years he labored to re-establish his wrecked fortune, when God permitted him to escape from the furnace as gold tried in the fire. He felt himself a stronger, better man, and that God had inflicted him in righteousness. This one victory repaid for every parental tear shed over his infancy and youth.—Morally he is a great man. The name of Ewald is doubtless enrolled in Heaven, and read with interest by angels. Who will imitate his virtue?

BATON SIKRELL.

Smoky Hollow, Sept. 17.

For the Herald and Journal.
"I'LL BE HONEST."
"Stern self-denial, counting all things lost
For Christ."—Montgomery.

Honesty is a rare virtue in this cold world.—Times of prosperity may permit us to practice it, but when stern adversity approaches, and meagre want stares us in the face, it costs something to be honest. Only a heart sternly virtuous and constantly addicted to self-denial, can view the rags and want of its own offspring, and still cling to its integrity.

The hand of the weak falters, his foot slides, and he goes to the way to do evil. Sinners entice him by circumstances of discouragement, and a dire fate presses hard on him. It is in times of adversity, that man oversteps the boundary which God has laid down for him; the law of Jehovah is violated by his frail, dying creature.

How refreshing to behold occasionally a spirit that braves the storm, rises superior to fortune, and adheres to the strict dictates of justice. Such a spirit was Ewald. A son of New England, the blood of the old Puritans ran in his veins. From those noble, pure-hearted sires, he inherited an iron resolution, and love of strict integrity. The Scriptures were taught him after the old Puritan style. He revered the Bible as the family statute book and the prize most dearly cherished by his parents; but as yet he had not learned that it was a law binding his own conscience. He was yet sportive, and showed no trust as the result of the seed early sown in his heart. Fears were entertained that he would be left to himself, and that sinners would entice him to the paths of vice, where he must sooner or later eat the fruit of bitterness. Both his parents were solicitous to see him a Christian ere he should leave the paternal mansion. For this they often prayed, but were doomed to disappointment. Their son, while yet in sportive boyhood, wandered away to the sunny plains of the South. But in the land of his pilgrimage God had spoken good concerning him. He was followed by those family prayers and holy teachings to which he had so often listened.

Being among strangers, and far from home, the instruction of his father's friends had time to settle deep in his mind. Not long after he began his sojourn in the South, some kind influence led him to the Methodist Church, a place he seldom visited, being of another school—where the Rev. Dr. C. was holding a series of meetings. It was here God taught Ewald that he was a sinner, whose case, without repentance, was hopeless.—He resolved now to dedicate himself to the service of God. He struggled in prayer for pardon at the hand of God, whom he saw and felt he had so deeply offended. Peace soon visited his breast—he found the pearl of great price, and went on his way rejoicing. Henceforth he was a Christian, and the church that was instrumental in his conversion became his church. He sat down beside her altar, to drink of the waters of life and be refreshed.

In the goods of this life he was also enriched, and all his temporal business remarkably prospered. Wealth rolled in upon him, unbidden.—And amid this influx of wealth, he retained his devotional habits. He was strict in the discharge of each duty, showing his faith by his works.—Benevolence could not be foreign to such a heart. He loved the poor, and cared for them, dealing out to them of the things with which God had prospered him. All the milder Christian virtues were blended in his character. All loved him. The multitude, admiring, said as he passed by, "Here is a genuine specimen of Christian devotedness."

Edward married a youthful, lovely wife, virtuous like himself. She promised to be a well-spring of purest joy. Providence bid him change his residence. He returned to his own New England and entered into business extensively, in one of our central cities. Business crowded upon him, and profits filled his coffers. A partner was selected, and a branch business established in another place. All things glided smoothly on. His house was elegantly, though not extravagantly, furnished. A little son and daughter caused each parent's heart to be glad—to swell with joy. Who could say he would not be one of our richest men? All things promised it. He was prudent—judicious, and a man of penetration. Perchance he will bless the world by his generous deeds, and enroll his name with the benefactors of his race.

But Providence willed it not so to be. He bore in his breast a gem that could be polished only in the crucible of affliction. His partner proved recreant to his trust, and departed to a distant land, bearing with him a large amount of treasure and other valuables. The stately fabric of E. was in ruins, while he stood demurely surveying them. Those sudden riches had taken wings and flown away. He was by this unexpected stroke reduced to penury, and involved too deeply to be able to tell how to extricate himself. His spirit was deeply agonized.

The law permitted him to escape by the payment of a certain percentage. Friends and good men came near, and spoke to him comfortable words. They whispered that, compelled by ill fortune, as he was, to relinquish his property, it would not be a sin to relieve himself of a burden which else might trouble even his children.—Ewald looked on the sweet babes which God had given him, and reflected that his misfortune might reduce them to beggary, while a little tampering about the law, might make them a comfortable home for life. He looked on the wife of his youth and wept in the bitterness of his grief.—"What shall I do?" It was a trying moment. The floods had almost gone over him, and he saw no way of escape. But he felt that he must regard God. He stood up superior to his fortune, and said, "I'll be honest." Ten long years he labored to re-establish his wrecked fortune, when God permitted him to escape from the furnace as gold tried in the fire. He felt himself a stronger, better man, and that God had inflicted him in righteousness. This one victory repaid for every parental tear shed over his infancy and youth.—Morally he is a great man. The name of Ewald is doubtless enrolled in Heaven, and read with interest by angels. Who will imitate his virtue?

BATON SIKRELL.

Smoky Hollow, Sept. 17.

For the Herald and Journal.
"I'LL BE HONEST."
"Stern self-denial, counting all things lost
For Christ."—Montgomery.

Honesty is a rare virtue in this cold world.—Times of prosperity may permit us to practice it, but when stern adversity approaches, and meagre want stares us in the face, it costs something to be honest. Only a heart sternly virtuous and constantly addicted to self-denial, can view the rags and want of its own offspring, and still cling to its integrity.

The hand of the weak falters, his foot slides, and he goes to the way to do evil. Sinners entice him by circumstances of discouragement, and a dire fate presses hard on him. It is in times of adversity, that man oversteps the boundary which God has laid down for him; the law of Jehovah is violated by his frail, dying creature.

How refreshing to behold occasionally a spirit that braves the storm, rises superior to fortune, and adheres to the strict dictates of justice. Such a spirit was Ewald. A son of New England, the blood of the old Puritans ran in his veins. From those noble, pure-hearted sires, he inherited an iron resolution, and love of strict integrity. The Scriptures were taught him after the old Puritan style. He revered the Bible as the family statute book and the prize most dearly cherished by his parents; but as yet he had not learned that it was a law binding his own conscience. He was yet sportive, and showed no trust as the result of the seed early sown in his heart. Fears were entertained that he would be left to himself, and that sinners would entice him to the paths of vice, where he must sooner or later eat the fruit of bitterness. Both his parents were solicitous to see him a Christian ere he should leave the paternal mansion. For this they often prayed, but were doomed to disappointment. Their son, while yet in sportive boyhood, wandered away to the sunny plains of the South. But in the land of his pilgrimage God had spoken good concerning him. He was followed by those family prayers and holy teachings to which he had so often listened.

Being among strangers, and far from home, the instruction of his father's friends had time to settle deep in his mind. Not long after he began his sojourn in the

For the Herald and Journal.

SPRINGFIELD WESLEYAN SEMINARY.

Mr. Editor,—I wish, with your permission, to say that God has crowned this institution with his abundant favor.

This school is almost entirely new. It was established by a committee, appointed for that purpose, by the Vermont Conference, at its last session but one. The Conference unanimously approved the report of that Committee; appointed a Board of Trustees, and fully adopted it as one of its Seminaries, at its last session.

We had a small term, last spring, for the accommodation of the people here, and another in the summer; but our preparations have been altogether incomplete until this fall. Before this term commences, however, the Seminary building, which is mended, however, to be remarkably convenient, has been painted, and put in fine repair. We have also purchased about five hundred dollars' worth of new and excellent apparatus, and obtained one of the most extensive and complete sets of books in the country, with about one thousand dollars. With these preparations, all of which were made by the liberality of the people of this town, together with a very efficient Board of Instruction, we feel that the institution was a knowledge of its existence, among the people abroad was so limited, that but few would ever hear that such a school had been established. Among other disadvantages, in the failure of notices, and the Herald Office never made its appearance. Probably little is known of it to this day, beyond the bounds of this District; and but very few scholars have come beyond this circle, except a good number. In drawn here by the popularity of our teachers. In some places the Seminary was industriously circulated, that boarding-places could not be obtained in the village, which prevented a large number from coming, and some, from whom more honorable things ought to have been expected, sent their scholars away, advising them not to send their scholars here.

With these, and many other sources of discouragement, the term commenced on the 26th of Aug., and the first morning 127 scholars presented themselves. The number has since increased to 215, including a small class of 27, in what is called the Primary Department. "And still they come." Enough will probably enter, during the term, to raise the number to about 250. A good number of our best boarding places have not yet been taken up, and many more could be provided, if found necessary.

Though we are confident our Board of Teachers cannot be outdone in ability and efficiency, by any Board in New England, we are not at all disposed to puff them, for the very good reason, if we could, nothing of the kind is necessary. As now constituted, the board consists of

Rev. H. C. Wood, M. A., Principal.

Miss Jane Johnson, Preceptress.

Mr. G. M. Steel, and Miss Mary E. White, Associate Teachers.

E. Adams, Knight, M. D., Lecturer on Physiology and Anatomy.

Mr. D. G. Peabody, Teacher of French.

Mr. T. A. Cutler, Teacher of Instrumental Music.

Mr. D. Y. Kilgore, Teacher of Penmanship.

Miss Caroline Chandler, Assistant Teacher of the Primary class.

Excellent satisfaction has been given in all the departments, so far, and everything promises a very profitable and happy term.

The principle upon which the Trustees have acted, has been, to raise money, at least by pledges, sufficient to pay for everything, before the articles were purchased, so as not to contract a debt at the beginning, which would require years' begging to liquidate. And they have succeeded in doing so, and that without asking any man out of town to pay one cent.

And be it known that we have done this, besides paying our full proportion of the debt on Newbury Seminary, so that the Trustees of that school assured us, they should be able to pay all the claims against them. We greatly rejoice to be able to say, at the close of the year, that this Institution "owes no man anything but love." Though we now have two Seminaries in this Conference, there are an abundance of scholars to fill both to overflowing, who ought to attend, and who may be induced to attend, as well as not.

But, Mr. Editor, the best of all remains yet to be told. The Lord is favoring us with a blessed revival of religion. Already a good number are rejoicing in the Savior's love, and nearly thirty have turned to seek salvation from the power of Satan.

From present appearances, there is every reason to expect an extensive revival of experimental and practical godliness. To see between two and three hundred intelligent young gentlemen and ladies, assembled with perfect order and seriousness, at eight in the morning, to read the word of God, then, all, or nearly all, unite in singing his praise, and then engage in seeking the blessing of heaven on their pursuits after knowledge, and especially in imploring the pardon of their sins, and the restoration of their souls, is a sight on which angels may well look with raptures of delight. But my sheet is full, and I must close. If you judge this worthy of a place in the Herald, you may probably hear from us again, soon.

J. A. C. ASPENWALL.

Springfield, Vt., Sept. 20, 1847.

For the Herald and Journal.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a special meeting of the junior class of the Wesleyan University, the following resolutions were passed, upon the loss of our number, Alexander R. Tebbetts, who died at his father's residence in Lowell, Mass., Aug. 26th.

Deeply afflicted by the death of our beloved fellow student, Alexander R. Tebbetts, and being desirous of rendering some tribute to his memory, and of giving expression to the esteem and love in which he was held by us all, we, his surviving classmates, unanimously adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we hereby express our sense of the exalted worth of our deceased associate, who so lately stood among us, conspicuous for his sound learning, his superior talents, his cheerful urbanity, his deep and uniform piety, winning by them the sincere friendship of all, and leading to the belief that his career in life was to be high, honorable, and useful.

Resolved, That to his surviving friends, so deeply bereaved by this dispensation of divine Providence, we hereby tender an expression of our most heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That the President of the University be requested to deliver a discourse upon the death of our classmate, and that we wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the papers of this city, the Zion's Herald, and the Christian Advocate and Journal; and that a copy be transmitted to his relatives.

In behalf of the Junior Class,

JAS. T. FOUNTAIN, Sec.

Geo. F. Mellen, Pres.

For the Herald and Journal.

M. E. CHURCH, EASTPORT, ME.

"Whereas, it appears that the M. E. Church in Eastport has not been able to meet the payments on their house of worship in that place so fast as they become due, therefore

"Resolved, That we approve of having some one, whom said church may select, travel as an agent through this Conference, or any part of it, to solicit aid for the liquidation of the debt on said meeting-house, and that we consent said society to the brethren and friends, as truly worthy of such aid."

The above resolution was adopted at the last session of the Maine Conference of the M. E. Church, in view of the important position of Eastport, and the embarrassment of our society there. At a meeting of the preachers and a few others, held on the camp-ground, in Charlotte, last week, it was agreed to propose to our preachers within the bounds of what may be the Bangor Conference, to raise the sum of three or four dollars each, for the purpose designated in the above resolution. We would also very thankfully receive aid from any other circuit or station in the Maine Conference, or elsewhere, to relieve this feeble society. Will our brethren hand to the Presiding Elder, as he makes his second tour, the free will offerings for this purpose. The debt, I believe, is 700 dollars, 400 of which must be paid this year. The society are well satisfied that if 300

dollar can be raised abroad, they will take care of the rest. To our friends in this State I need not speak of the urgency of this call. Eastport is an important and thriving village, and, with the exception of the above pecuniary embarrassment, the prospect for Methodism is good. And the passage of a resolution in favor of the call, by the Me. Conference, should commend the object as worthy of your aid. Once more would we especially call upon our brethren of the Conference, and of the city in honor of which we have selected the name of our new Conference, to aid us in this first call upon their benevolence.

Milltown, Sept. 14, 1847.

HERALD AND JOURNAL.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1847.

DIVISION OF THE CHURCH PROPERTY.

Several Methodist papers in the West and South have begun to discuss the question, whether the General Conference ought to divide the church property with the southern section of the church, and one of our brother editors of the South, is determined to look upon the vote of the next General Conference, either to give, or not to give, at least the usual dividends, to the South, as evidence of honesty, or "cheatery," in that body.

It seems to us, that the brethren who are discussing this subject, have not recently looked into their Disciples. By referring to that volume, they will find that the General Conference has nothing whatever to do with the question, except to refer it to the Annual Conferences. Such a reference it has already made, and having received a decisive answer, it will hardly deem it important to repeat the reference, unless there are some new grounds for a different result in the action of the Annual Conferences.

One of the constitutional restrictions of the General Conference (Dis. Ch. 1, Sec. 3) takes from it the right to appropriate the income of the Book Concern and Chartered Fund, "to any other purpose" than specified cases in the ministry of the M. E. Church. A proviso makes it possible for that body, on the recommendation of three-fourths of the members of the Annual Conferences, present and voting, to appropriate otherwise these properties. The restriction was the only obstacle to the proposed appropriation at the last session. The Conference, therefore, availed itself of the proviso, and referred to the Annual Conferences for the necessary authority. Those bodies have declined to give it; the General Conference has, then, we repeat, nothing more to do with the subject, except that it may, if it chooses, request another trial of the question—a measure which we suppose will hardly be deemed worth proposing, by the strongest advocates of the division.

The "dividends" referred to by our southern brother editor, come under this constitutional restriction. Indeed, the prohibitory clause particularly specifies the "produce" of the Book Concern, &c.

Whatever, therefore, may be the right or wrong of the question, it seems to us that the next General Conference has nothing to do with it, legislatively, save to refer it, as above, to its constituency.

Notwithstanding this view of the subject seems decisive, there appears to be abroad among us (if we can judge from newspaper and colloquial discussions) a general impression that the session of next year will have the responsibility of determining this great question. This impression should be corrected, for that body, we again affirm, can have no positive action on the subject, whatever, except to vote to repeat or not to repeat, the reference to the Annual Conferences. Nothing final can be done respecting the question, until it has gone the round of all the Annual Conferences, subsequently to the session of the General Conference.

Brethren of the South should not therefore look to the next General Conference, for a decision of the question. And we see no reason why the approach of the session should be considered the appropriate time for a re-agitation of the subject, by either party. Such agitations we deprecate as injurious to higher interests; they are sometimes requisite, but we respectfully submit to brethren, whether the resuscitation of this question is desirable at a time when no decisive action on it is pending, or can possibly arise, and when, especially, more vital interests are seriously suffering among us, partly, at least, from such agitations.

It is our decided opinion, that this question is already finally determined, whether rightly or wrongly, so far as its ecclesiastical decision is concerned. The Annual Conferences have given their verdict on it, and such is the stringency of the proviso in the Restrictive Rules, requiring "three-fourths of all the members of the several Annual Conferences," to vote for a change, and such the unquestionable state of sentiment in many of the northern Conferences, that no man with his eyes open, can expect a change. Be it right or wrong, it is, we repeat, finally decided by the M. E. Church, that its property is not to be divided with the "M. E. Church South." The decision may be unjust; other tribunals may decide otherwise, but the church has so decided, and no ground remains on which to calculate a change of its decision.

In this state of the question, we would ask even the most ardent advocate of the proposed division, if it is desirable to revive the question in our papers? We would go further, and ask, is it desirable to agitate it even in the General Conference? That body can discuss it, and with the usual prolixity of deliberative bodies for speech-making, can spend whole weeks on it, but as such discussion can terminate in no positive result—as it must be only a collision of opinions, and inevitably a violent one—what wisdom can there be in introducing it at all? There will be two important things to be done at the next General Conference, to allow of much time for oratorical pugilism. We hope our delegates will go to Pittsburgh determined to do simply the business before them, in respect to this question, viz. to hear from the usual committee the result of the action of the Annual Conference respecting it, and to vote to return, or not to return it to those bodies, and then without farther ado proceed to other business. If it is to be discussed again, let the discussion be confined to its appropriate place, the Annual Conferences.

These remarks do not, of course, apply to the rest of the Plan of Separation. In respect to all the other articles of that document, the General Conference has original jurisdiction—so far as there is any jurisdiction of the kind any where. That matter, we opine, will consume all its spare time, without the subordinate question of a division of the church property.

In some of our Calvinistic exchanges, we find a series of bitter articles on Methodism, under the lugubrious heading of "The Great Iron Wheel." Those of the series which we have seen, are chiefly a tirade against the Class-meeting, one of the most blessed provisions of Methodism. This spleeny accuser of the brethren considers it almost as dangerous as the papal confessional. Our organs in the middle States are attending to him. We regret that at a period when overtures of Christian courtesy and harmony are so frequent, such an exhibition of the odium theologorum should be made before the whole land.

ABOLITION.

A GOOD IDEA.

The Louisville Examiner, which takes the place of Cassius M. Clay's defunct sheet, is in full play, scattering light through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, and rousing many energetic minds to the good work of anti-slavery reform. The editor is in extensive correspondence with southern gentlemen who sympathize with his views. One of his correspondents him, from East Tennessee, the following:

"You made last year this suggestion to Mr. Cunningham, in reply to the question, 'What shall or can we do in East Tennessee, for emancipation?'—namely: 'That each county should have the right, whenever the majority should so determine, to establish freedom therein. Since then we have debated the subject, and corresponded about it, and we have come to the conclusion that we ought to act upon it, and will do so before long. The condition of the upland or mountain regions of Virginia, North Carolina, and East Tennessee, is pretty well understood. They are chiefly settled by non-slaveholders. In the early settlement of these States, the planting regions had the preponderance. But the uplands have now the numerical strength, and are increasing, while the slave portion are decreasing, in power. Very soon, therefore, they will break the thrall with which unjust apportionments have kept and still keep them down, and obtain ascendancy in the legislative councils of these States. Acting under this belief, we urged certain friends of ours in East Tennessee, Western North Carolina, and Western Virginia, to agitate and urge this view—that new Constitutions, as they are made, should provide that any county may become free from slavery, whenever a majority of the legal voters should so determine, and that thereafter should be, except for crime, no involuntary servitude in said county."

This is a good thought. The unquestionable way to root slavery out of Kentucky, Virginia, and E. Tennessee, is to rouse the large non-slaveholding population in these States, especially in the mountainous sections of the two latter, into party opposition to the slaveocrats. This free population is fast gaining the numerical preponderance. It is hostile to slavery also, but lacks organization and leaders. There are, however, indications of a rapid awakening. God speed it.

DANIELSONVILLE, CONN.

Dear Br. Stevens,—Allow me to gladden the hearts of your numerous readers, by the intelligence of the revival of the work of God, on this station. For a few weeks past we have been enjoying a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. There had been a gradual increase of interest in the church, for some weeks previous to the late camp-meeting at Uncasville. Some cold hearts had been warmed, while the burden of the "cry" of "God's elect" was, "O Lord, revive thy work." The prayer prevailed, and though inquiry had become rampant, so that Danielsonville was a by-word, yet the cloud was seen rising like unto a man's hand, giving assurance that the "elect" should be "awakened." Quite a number of our members attended the camp-meeting, and were more or less profited, and two or three souls were either converted, or reclaimed from a backslidden state. In the meantime, those who remained at home, were faithful, "looking far, and hastening unto the coming of the day of God," to bless, and to save his people; and when we returned with our new born souls, and they began to lip forth the praises of the physician of souls, it set the ready fuel in a blaze, which has been spreading ever since, to the glory of the God who kindled it. We have held meetings every evening since our return from camp-meeting; most of the time, prayer-meetings, though we were favored, part of one week, with the very efficient pulpit labors of Br. S. Benton. From six to twenty-six persons have been found at the altar, from evening to evening, inquiring, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" And about forty have professed conversion, a large proportion of whom furnish the more satisfactory testimony of a consistent life, that their profession is mostly of credit. More than half of these are already probationers in the church. The work is still spreading, and we are expecting it will continue to "grow mightily." Our Congregational brethren, hearing the battle-cry, have begun to open their eyes, and awake from their long slumber, and are now girding on their armor for the conflict. May God grant that there may be universal victory proclaimed over all the armies of the aliens, till they shall be driven from the battle field, and the confession be extorted from their Phrenologic leaders, that there is a power in the gospel sufficient to change the "heart, out of which proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false-witness, blasphemies," and making it the "temple of God," in which "abide the Holy Ghost," thus, so regulating the life, as to show that the man is a "new creature" even though the developments of the cranium may be as they were before the change.

I learn that the Lord is making bare his holy arm in various directions on this District. In Plainfield, Br. Mather's charge, a gracious work is in progress. Canterbury is rejoicing over new-born souls. At Massville, within Br. Dill's charge, a powerful work is in progress. "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O, ye forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel."

Yours, &c.

J. LIVESY, JR.

Danielsonville, Conn., Sept. 20, 1847.

BENEFICIARIES OF THE WEALTHY.—The Boston

Chronotype publishes a list of Peter G. Stuyvesant's benefactions to the various benevolent societies, and appends the following timely and suggestive remarks:—"How this benevolent millionaire came to think of it to leave just one-tenth of one per cent of his estate to benevolent institutions, does not appear. Probably he attached to them a value, compared with other things, corresponding to this per centage. If a man worth \$1,400 should in his will leave 50 cents to the Bible Society, 10 cents to the Tract Society, 30 cents to the Institution for the Blind, and 50 cents to an Orphan Society, it would be considered rather queer, but it would be precisely proportioned to what has been done by Mr. Stuyvesant. Millionaires appear to be blessed either with small souls, or small knowledge of arithmetic beyond addition. If a man worth \$2,000 in the world gives \$50 dollars to some public object, it is not thought worth making a very great fuss about—but if, being worth \$2,000,000, he gives \$50,000, the universal newspaper press is expected to go into ecstasies—and for the rarity of the thing it very well may."

UNIVERSALISM.

The following synopsis of the present condition of Universalism in the United States, is taken from the Universalist Register, for 1848:—"United States and Territories.—One General Convention; one Historical Society, with a valuable library; 18 State Conventions, (beside 4 State Sunday School Associations, 2 State Missionary Associations, and one State Relief Fund); 80 Ecclesiastical Associations, (beside 2 local Sunday School Associations, 3 local Missionary Associations, and 3 Tract Associations); 25 periodicals, including annuals; 9 schools and academies; 1098 societies; 709 meeting-houses, and 707 preachers. Of these, and beside these, there are reported 153 organized churches, 167 Sunday schools, 25 new meeting-houses, 45 new preachers, 27 new societies, and 17 books published since our last issue."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ANOTHER PERVERT FROM ST. PANCRAS.—The Rev. Mr. New, late curate to the Rev. W. Dodsworth, at Christ Church, St. Pancras, whose resignation of his curacy was announced some time back, has, with his wife, gone over to the Romish Church. Mr. New was of St. John's, Oxford. Another curate of Christ Church, St. Pancras, has recently withdrawn from ministerial engagements, preparatory to a further change. We need not add that all these parties were and are Tractarians.

A correspondent of the Traveller writes that Dr. Cunningham is to succeed the late Dr. Chalmers, as Principal of the New College, at Edinburgh, Scotland, and Dr. Candlish is to take his place as Professor of Divinity.

GENEVA.—Persecution of funds designed for the spread of the Gospel.—The Archives du Christianisme has excited a somewhat keen dispute by again speaking of the secret funds of Geneva. The facts of the case are these:—During the eighteenth century, when Protestantism had no legal existence in France, our young men, who were intended for the holy ministry, had to pursue their studies at Lausanne or Geneva. Some generous Christians, and in particular the English government, gave money for opening in Switzerland a French Theological Seminary. These donations having for a long series of years been left to accumulate, amount to a million or a million and a half of francs. These funds have fallen into the hands of some Latitudinarian or Socinian pastors of Geneva, who secretly employ the proceeds in promoting their heterodox opinions. The editor of the Archives du Christianisme, without casting any doubt on the personal integrity of the members of the committee, has demanded of them a public account of the manner in which they administer the funds in question. Secrecy is always suspicious and bad in pecuniary affairs, and as these funds were given for French theologians, and have a positive right to inquire to what purpose they are appropriated.

But the national pastors of Geneva have refused to satisfy this reasonable demand. These gentlemen apparently attach great importance to their remaining perfectly irresponsible in the management of this property, and wish to evade the requirements of public opinion. It remains to be seen whether they will long persist in keeping a secret which is no longer in accordance with the manners and usages of our age.

EXPULSION OF ENGLISH MISSIONARIES FROM CRAW.—The Frankfurt Gazette states that two English missionaries had passed through that city, from CRAW, from which place they had been expelled by the authorities. The British Ambassador at the Court of Vienna had interfered with the government on their behalf, but the answer given him was, that the Austrian laws would not permit missionaries in the Austrian states.

GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—The German Catholic Reform is making progress. A French paper says that at Genuan, in the kingdom of Saxony, a Catholic church containing six hundred members has recently gone over to the German Catholic communion. It has embraced the Leipzig Confession of Faith, and has already celebrated divine worship according to its newly adopted liturgy. This singular event was occasioned by the fact that a pastor not acceptable to the people had been forced upon them. We learn, also, that a Roman Catholic church in the Grand Duchy of Baden has threatened to follow their example, in case a curate to whom they are averse be sent to them.

A General Council or Convention of the German Catholics was held at Berlin, in the latter part of last May. This meeting was one of great interest. The most prominent measure adopted on this occasion, was the refusal of any official connection with the Rationalistic sect who call themselves "Friends of Light."

SINGULAR FACTS TO EXIST UNDER THE GOVERNMENT OF A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY.—The Rev. Mr. Boaz, a missionary of the London Missionary Society, who is laboring in India, recently said: "At this moment, in the city of Calcutta, there are hundreds of young men, well educated, thoroughly versed in all the great truths of our holy religion, who are prepared, when the Government shall remove the great restriction which now rests upon the profession of Christianity, to acknowledge themselves on the Lord's side. The restriction to which I refer, (and I say it with all respect for the British administration in India), is, that when a man receives baptism, and puts on Christ, he loses his property, his friends, his connections, and becomes a completely isolated being, in the midst of thousands."

MARRIAGE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.—The Cork Constitution says: "The neighborhood of Fermoy has been favored with an extraordinary marriage between a reverend Roman Catholic clergyman, and the accomplished daughter of an M. D. The determination of the reverend gentleman seems praiseworthy, and all impartial, unprejudiced persons will wish him and his bride 'God speed.' " Marriage is honorable in all men."

PRUSSIA.—Letters from Königsberg, of the 8th ult. state that on that day divine service was, for the first time on a Sunday, celebrated in the Jewish synagogue of that city. There were present six hundred Israelites, and upwards of two hundred Christians, including several high functionaries of the city, among others, the Director of the Police.

PROTESTANT DISSENTING MINISTERS IN IRELAND.—Under this head a Parliamentary paper has just been printed, containing returns of the number of ministers participating in the Parliamentary grant of £36,214 for non-conforming ministers in Ireland. Sixty-two receive £100 Irish each per annum, and four hundred and twenty-three receive £75 per annum. Some of the recipients, it is right to mention, belong to the Remonstrant Synod, which consists of persons holding Arian and Unitarian opinions.

JEWS ACCOUNTING THE POPE THE MESSIAH.—The Sicilian publishes the following letter, dated Rome, 22d June: "The Pope has appointed a committee to inquire into the position of the Jews. His plan is to withdraw them from their detestable ghetto. There is a controversy in the ghetto on the subject of the Pope. 'Young Palestine' is of opinion that he is merely a great prophet. We have admitted five Jews into the circulo Romano. Such an event never before occurred."

PUBLIC OPINION IN TENNESSEE.—The Ohio Press makes the following statement:—"We have ourselves heard Senator Jarnagan declare, repeatedly, that if the abstract question were submitted to the people of Tennessee to-morrow, three-fifths of them would vote for the abolition of slavery."

IMMIGRANTS AT NEW YORK.—The number of immigrants arriving at the port of New York, during the year ending Aug. 1, 1847, was 152,116, compared with 91,280 the previous year. Of these, 85,733 were from British, 26,789 from French, 15,525 from German, and 18,204 from Dutch and Belgic ports. Of the whole, 32,000 arrived in the months of November, December, January, February, and March. The greatest proportion of the increase of immigration during the last year, was in the winter months.

LIGHT WANTED.

Mr. Editor.—Having a desire to know the truth, I seek it through your valuable paper. 1. How long can a person remain on trial in the M. E. Church, in neglect of baptism, and other Christian duties? 2. What is meant in the Discipline, on page 88, by 'Society'? Is it State, circuit, Conference, a certain number of Conferences, or all of the members of the M. E. Church in the world? 3. Has a preacher power to select arbitrators, without the consent of the other party? A LOVER OF TRUTH.

Vermont, Sept. 13, 1847.

We answer, in respect to the first query, that we have no specific instructions in the Discipline, on the point, but it is plainly implied in that manual that persons on trial living "in neglect of Christian duties" should be dropped, after such admonition and forbearance as the individual case may require, and but little common sense is requisite to determine how much that ought to be.

Second, the Word Society has several applications in our Discipline, but here refers, we think, to the local church to which the accused belongs.

The third question is somewhat obscure. The Discipline provides for "a select number" for the trial of an offending member. If our correspondent means by "arbitrators" this select number, then we say that it usually devolves upon the preacher to appoint it, not so much by prescription of the Discipline, as from the historical implications of the law, (see Hedding on Discipline, pp. 59-63.) and his pastoral relations and qualifications, which should render him the most competent and most impartial person to do it. The law supposes, however, that the preacher is not usually one of the parties. In case he should be, it would, of course, be equitable that the committee should be otherwise appointed.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Roman Catholic papers mention that several new Sees have been erected in this country. They are Albany and Buffalo, in New York, and Galveston, in Texas. St. Louis has been erected into an Archbishopric; and the See of Hartford has been transferred to Providence, Rhode Island. The cornerstones of new Roman Catholic churches have been laid recently in Augusta, Maine; Quincy, Illinois; and Cincinnati, Ohio.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The Hon. Richard Henry Wilde, of New Orleans, formerly a distinguished member of Congress from Georgia, and well known by his History of Tasso, and other literary productions, died on the 10th inst., of yellow fever.

The copy right of Dr. Chalmers' works, including his life and letters, to be published by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, together with some additional volumes of sermons, and a commentary on the Bible, has been sold for between \$50,000 and \$60,000.

The Pittsburg Journal says it has received the prospectus of a new paper to be called "The Crisis," and to be published in Moundsville, Va. It is to advocate anti-slavery principles, upon the grounds of religion, morality, and expediency. This is a bold effort, and demonstrates that there is no institution which a free press is not bold enough to beard in its chosen home.

It is said that the Hon. T. B. MACAULEY, will gladly avail himself of his rejection by the citizens of Edinburgh, to devote himself entirely to the composition of his History of England.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says that among the passengers by the Britannia is Mr. Poole, who has been in Europe engaged for two years in collecting documents illustrating the early history of Massachusetts, which was almost constantly in collision with the French colonies, whose archives are preserved at Paris. The French Ministry have afforded him every facility, and he brings home ten folio volumes, copied by himself in a fair hand, and containing numerous maps, fine similes, drawings of uniforms, &c., with a large collection of engraved maps.

A German Protestant paper is now published by the American Protestant Society, edited by the Rev. F. M. Serebentz, and F. W. Winkelman.

Bishop Hamline, I understand, has received intelligence, through a German letter from Gutsli, that the Bible alone has already converted whole districts to Christianity, and that they have organized circuits and classes much on the Methodist plan. The news is almost "too good to be true."

The above is from the New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Christian Advocate. It is decidedly "too good to be true." Gutsli is not reliable. We regret to see that our esteemed friend, Prof. Teiff, referred to him so eulogistically, in his late, and otherwise excellent article, on the China mission. Mr. G., owing, his friends think, to a species of hallucination, has always been utterly extravagant in his statements about China. Within a few years a declaration of this fact, attested by the signatures of the best religious, and other authorities in the East, was published in most of our religious journals, to put the Christian public on their guard against his erratic plans.

BISHOP ONDERDONK.—The New York Express says, we know not with how much truth:—"Dr. Henry Onderdonk, who resigned the Episcopate of Pennsylvania, a few years ago, and who was suspended from the exercise of his functions, on a charge of too freely indulging in the use of ardent spirits, will, we understand, be most likely referred to the Bishopric, by the convention about to sit; the evidence being that he has entirely abstained during the intervening time. We hear, further, that a church will be erected for him, by some of the Episcopals of Philadelphia."

THE NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT of the Pittsburg Christian Advocate says, that the suit of the Rev. J. N. Maffitt against Drs. Peck, Bond, &c., is to be tried, in the course of a few weeks, in Brooklyn. The declaration served by his lawyers upon the defendants, sets forth that Maffitt, as a local elder in the M. E. Church, was in the way of amassing a large property, the houses of said church being open for his lectures, &c., but the publication of Dr. Peck has shut him out of those churches, and thus injured him, both in his character and his purse.

A WAR FACT.—The money expended by Great Britain, in seven wars, would have constructed fifty railroads round the whole globe, allowing the cost to have been \$25,000 per mile.

There are not less than nine new churches now progressing towards completion, in St. Louis.

The nine Methodist churches in Cincinnati, together with the City Mission, comprise 3176 members.

The cost of Government, to each individual, in the United States, amounts to \$2.39 per annum; in France, to \$7.50, and in Great Britain, \$12.23.

NOTICE ALTERED.

The Trustees of the Methodist General Biblical Institute are hereby notified to assemble at Concord, N. H., on Wednesday, Oct. 6, and in the Seminary Edifice.

The acceptance of the charter, as well as of the new building, and other matters of special importance are objects of the meeting, and hence a full attendance is earnestly requested.

C. ADAMS,
O. C. BAKER,
A. STEVENS.

Concord, N. H., Sept. 9, 1847.

The Richmond Christian Advocate gives a long article on the trial of Prof. McClintock, and pretty plainly condemns the verdict of acquittal, as contrary to the evidence of the case. Our good brother Lee never disguises his sentiments or his spleen. So far as any wrong agency in the rescue of the slaves at Carlisle is concerned, we need no evidence whatever to convince us of the innocence of Prof. M., nor does any one who knows personally the Professor. In respect to all right agency in the case, we sincerely hope the Professor was not wanting.

THE AFFAIR IN ACCOMAC.—The papers have reported an affray in Accomac Co., Md., as arising from the dispute there between the northern and southern sections of the M. E. Church. Baltimore and other papers of the region deny that it had any connection with that question, and say that it grew entirely out of political agitations.

SOUTHERN METHODIST REVIEW.—We have not yet received a number of this Quarterly. If the publishers

For the Herald and Journal.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR THE PENOBSCOT VALLEY.

It is well known that for want of a good location on which to hold an annual camp-meeting, the interest in this heaven-sent institution has greatly declined, and indeed, many were in favor of giving it up entirely, but that want is now supplied. A grove is secured for ten years, in which to hold our feast of Tabernacles, yearly. It is just what we need.

1. The grove is as beautiful as can be desired. The ground is dry and smooth, and without stones. The water is near and good.

2. Its locality is central. It is situated on Long Island, in Penobscot Bay, about three miles from the head of the Island, and is owned by Solomon Spaulding, Esq., who has given a lease to a Committee of brethren, good and true for ten years. It is only about one-third of a mile from the ground on either side of the Island. There are good and safe harbors on both sides, in which we can land at any time of the tide, without difficulty. From Belfast it is about eight miles, from Castine four or five, from Bangor about six or seven, and from Bangor about thirty-five. Both sides of the Penobscot Bay, the towns on the river, and all the country in the whole Penobscot Valley, can centre here with little expense and trouble. It is very much to be desired that the location can be found equal to this in the Bangor Conference.

3. The means of access are so numerous and extensive, that any one may go who wishes to. Steam boats going from the Penobscot River, both east and west, usually pass within a short distance of the ground, either on the east or west side of the island, and without doubt, will take companies from any and all their stopping places to the ground with trifling expense. There are other modes of conveyance also, so that no anxiety need be felt on this ground.

4. Notwithstanding the facilities of access for those who wish to attend the meeting, it is very difficult for ill-disposed persons to contrive means to annoy the people of the place, and as there are no provisions made for them on the ground, (a sufficient territory is secured for the purpose of having the vicinity of the meeting under our control) and as it is very unpleasant crossing the Bay at night, it is very difficult for those who wish to annoy the people to do so. It is said to be so.

5. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

6. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

7. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

8. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

9. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

10. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

11. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

12. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

13. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

14. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

15. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

16. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

17. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

18. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

19. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

20. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

21. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

22. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

23. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

24. We have not met yet. If the publication list, we shall see. It is said to be so.

way, by an increase of energy and speed to which resistance itself is to be made subservient, according to its intensity, so that the greater the resistance, the greater the compensation, so far, at least, as an air-blast, by using the engine fire, is capable of aiding in the generation and sustaining of power, and especially in the saving of so much of it as would be otherwise necessary in the sustaining of the ordinary air-blast itself. The resistance of air confronting the line of locomotion, yields, to all intents and purposes, an air-blast capable of being thus harnessed by human ingenuity, and made to assist in counteracting its own inevitable tendencies, and that especially when the negative rush of air is seconded and reinforced by a positive current, also in the teeth of the locomotive.

Indeed, such a triumph over nature's laws, if practicable and complete, is only to be won by one of the happiest hits, and not the highest efforts of human ingenuity, such as that by means of which, e. g., the contraction and expansion of the brass and steel of clock and watch-work by cold and heat were "compensated" through the appliances of these very tendencies themselves to the "compensating pendulum" and balance. The end in view in the present instance is attained by the guidance of the rush or blast of air along a series of deflected plates on the sides of the ash-box, which is divided into three longitudinal chambers, and in which the engine is in motion and exposed to the resistance or negative rush of the air, it impinges on these plates, and passes towards the fire bars and the furnace, where it does the requisite duty; the resultant air and vapor passing afterwards along a second series of plates, inserted into the smoke-box, and leading into a chamber, terminating in an annular opening which surrounds the exhaust-pipe, and through which, and up the chimney, it is propelled with additional force, according to the velocity of the engine, and the resistance of the "blast." If necessary, the new blast may be shut off, or the ordinary blast reversed. The patentee who has thus ingeniously made way with the wind in his face, is a Mr. Kite.

Summary of Intelligence.

LATER FROM VERA CRUZ—DIRECT.

DEATH OF COL. BURNETT CONFIRMED.

The United States transport ship Massachusetts, Capt. Wood, arrived this morning from Vera Cruz, which place she left on the 5th of September.

We are indebted to L. D. P. McCorkle, U. S. N., for some verbal information of interest to New York.

Col. Burnett is dead, and was killed at the last day's battle at Chetumal, as is stated by the Sun of Anaheim.

The steamer Ann McKim, for New Orleans, was waiting at Vera Cruz, on the 5th, with steam up—waiting for the departure of Gen. Scott; but the time of their arrival was uncertain, as all communication with the interior was interrupted by the guerrillas.

There was no news at Vera Cruz, from the army, except that already given by the correspondents of the New Orleans press.

The killed and wounded. We copy from the Delta, a list of the killed and wounded officers and privates in the various divisions and brigades of our army, in the late battles before the city of Mexico. The killed, we are gratified to find, are not as numerous as we supposed, and many of the wounded are but slightly hurt. The recapitulation is as follows:—

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Gen. Worth's Div.,	27	256	18
Gen. Taylor's Div.,	47	42	54
Second Brigade,	23	126	4
Engineer Company,	2	2	1
Gen. 1st Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 2nd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 3rd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 4th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 5th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 6th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 7th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 8th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 9th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 10th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 11th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 12th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 13th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 14th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 15th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 16th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 17th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 18th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 19th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 20th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 21st Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 22nd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 23rd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 24th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 25th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 26th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 27th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 28th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 29th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 30th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 31st Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 32nd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 33rd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 34th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 35th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 36th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 37th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 38th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 39th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 40th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 41st Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 42nd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 43rd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 44th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 45th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 46th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 47th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 48th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 49th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 50th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 51st Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 52nd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 53rd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 54th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 55th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 56th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 57th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 58th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 59th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 60th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 61st Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 62nd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 63rd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 64th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 65th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 66th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 67th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 68th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 69th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 70th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 71st Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 72nd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 73rd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 74th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 75th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 76th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 77th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 78th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 79th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 80th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 81st Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 82nd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 83rd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 84th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 85th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 86th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 87th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 88th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 89th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 90th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 91st Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 92nd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 93rd Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 94th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 95th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 96th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 97th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 98th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 99th Artillery,	2	2	1
Gen. 100th Artillery,	2	2	1

From Africa.—The Liberia Luminary of June 9,

has been received. The missionaries were pretty well generally, but Rev. Mr. Beaman was coming home on account of ill health. Gov. Roberts had appointed July 8th for Thanksgiving. Mr. Camm's slave warehouses, burnt at Cape Mount, by the native chiefs, at the instance of Captain Murray, of British ship of war Favorite, according to a treaty with the natives, were valued at \$8000. Camm and his family had gone to Monrovia.

At Timbo, June 2, there was an affray between the Prince and his body-guard of one tribe who undertook to arrest a priest of the Fohom tribe. A little war ensued between the Timboos and the Fohoms, who fortified themselves in the English factories, using the powder, guns, and iron pots which they found there. Capt. Murray, at anchor off Timbo, sent his crew, but "a quantity of Kroomen" to protect the factories, but the Timboos being reinforced on the 24, made them retreat to their ship—killed four Fohoms, two Timboos. After the Fohoms had left the place, the Timboos returned to the factories and plundered them of everything that could be carried away. While the Timboos were thus engaged, a number of manna people, with some Timboo boatsmen, came up and turned upon two factories belonging to J. B. McGill, merchant, Monrovia, and carried off a large quantity of goods. Eliza Francis, a colonial clerk, employed by McGill, arrived a few days after the affray. The actors, considering their lives in danger, embarked with what goods they had remaining; she being loaded with oil could not take off the oil.

The Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Mr. Eliza, on her way up from Timbo to Grand Chaco, an English man-of-war, the Rolla, on her way to Timbo, the commander being informed of the affair by despatch from Capt. Murray. The Rolla landed his men, with the warrior of Trade Town, Boyed, and a number of the men who had gone down for the purpose of pursuing the Timboos into the bush, and burnt all the towns along the beach, including the English and the factories of Mr. McGill, and his palm oil, which had been left there.

Murdered her two Husbands.—We learn from the Cumberland Mountaineer, that a foul murder was committed by a woman upon the person of her husband, some few days since. This woman is the same identical Mrs. Frey, who was accused of being accessory to the murder of a former husband, (Mr. Frey,) in the upper part of Allegheny county, Md., some two or three years since, for which she was sentenced to death upon the gallows. She committed the foul deed while her husband was sleeping, by pouring hot lead into his ear. This last tragedy was performed in Pennsylvania, and made the Maryland line. She is now confined in jail to await her trial.

Wheat Crop of Michigan and Wisconsin.—The wheat crop of Michigan, for the present year, as estimated by a gentleman now preparing statistics for the Patent Office in Washington, will not fall short of 8,000,000 bushels, or exceed 10,000,000 bushels. The quality of the grain this year is superior in every respect to the crop of last year. In regard to the condition of the crop in Wisconsin, the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of Monday says:—"The big Grizzlies arrived here on Saturday, with a cargo of 10,000 bushels of Wisconsin wheat of this year's crop, which for plumpness of berry, and general appearance, exceeds anything ever before received from that quarter."

Spurious Quarter Eagles. We understand that a quarter eagle was offered at one of the Wall street banks yesterday, of which the execution was as good as that it was impossible to detect the fraud. It was pronounced to be good by one of the tellers of the bank, and also by the clerk of the firm who do the business in the purchase and sale of specie in the street. Notwithstanding, it proved to be a counterfeit. The mechanical execution of the piece is fully equal to that of the mint, and it is within a small trifle of the weight of the genuine \$2.50 piece.—N. Y. Com.

Diarrhea.—People need not be long troubled with that disorder so generally prevalent at this season, commonly known as the summer or bowel complaint, when the certain remedy thereto is to be found on every man's dinner table, in the shape of salt and vinegar. Two teaspoonfuls of the former dissolved in half a glass of the latter, and swallowed at a draught, will in most cases effect an instant cure. The second dose, if needed, will assuredly accomplish it. The recipe should be published annually—every summer.

The Ten Hour Law of New Hampshire, has given occasion for serious difficulties in the mills at Naumkeag, from a half to two thirds of the hands recently employed in which have been discharged because they would not waive the right conferred upon them by that law, and give their employers two hours more labor per day for the same pay, than the law requires of them.

A Faithful Husband.—Our readers remember the account of the loss of the Swedish bark Lina, which was run down by a Boston packet. Among the anecdotes told of that dreadful case, is the following:—One of the passengers sustained his wife upon his back for three quarters of an hour, in the water. He was a very strong man, and a good swimmer, and determined that they should live or die together. They were both saved.

Fire in Philadelphia. A fire broke out on Sunday morning in Spring Garden, corner of Tenth and Batterwreck streets. Twenty dwellings and two carpenter shops were burned.

Highway Robbery. A man named Franklin Bartlett, belonging to Newburyport, was knocked down upon one of the Charles-town bridges, about half past nine o'clock last night, and robbed of his wallet, containing \$100 in bank bills, and several papers of value.

English Cardinal.—It is rumored that the Rev. Nicholas Wiseman, Bishop of Melitopolis, and Superior of St. Mary's College, Oxford, is to be created Cardinal in the room of Cardinal O'Connell, lately deceased, who was the only English Cardinal.

SUMMARY.

The Louisville Journal says that the great crop now looked to with more than ordinary interest in Kentucky, is a hog crop. With the abundance of corn and potatoes, hogs will be as fine as they ever were.

The Land Office at Green Bay was re-opened the latter part of August, after having been closed for a few weeks. The rush to enter lands, selected during that time, was very great, and the receipts of the office the first week were over \$175,000.

The collections on the Erie Canal are unexpectedly heavy this season—being, up to the 7th inst., \$2,320,691.90. The Albany Argus thinks the gross receipts of the entire season will exceed \$4,000,000.

Dr. Hare having resigned, Prof. J. B. Rogers, of Philadelphia, has been elected to the Chair of Chemistry in the Pennsylvania University.

The United States, officially, that in the month of August from 1,390 to 1,590 recruits have been enlisted for the regular service of the United States.

The St. Louis Republican states that a challenge passed between Cal. Mason, of the Dragons, and Cal. Fremont, in California, but the duel was checked by Gen. Kearney.

The ship Rufus Putnam, built at Marietta, Ohio, in 1810, is still in good condition and active employment.

Lead has been discovered in Tazewell county, Ill. The mine is about four miles from Peoria, and but a short distance from the Illinois river. It is, apparently, very rich, and it is the opinion of many competent judges that it will yield at least 80 per cent.

The Vermont Republican mentions that new rice, of this year's crop, is beginning to come in at that place.

The epidemic which is now raging with such appalling fatality in New Orleans, is said to be a complication of the vomito of Vera Cruz, the yellow fever peculiar to New Orleans, and the fever imported from Europe.

The cost of cleaning the streets in New York, between the 10th of last May, and the 30th of August, was \$61,633.40, and yet the streets are not clean.

Pens made of flat glass are coming into vogue. They are said to be excellent, and are not subject to corrosion.

The pyramid of Cholula has been recently measured by some American officers, and its height is given at 201 feet.

A butcher in Rouen has been sentenced to three months imprisonment for making sausages out of horseflesh, instead of beef.

Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge has been appointed by the Governor of Kentucky, Superintendent of Public Instruction in that State.

The Western rivers are falling fast, and are now very difficult of navigation. A bar is forming in the Mississippi which threatens to obstruct the harbor at St. Louis materially.

The New York Tribune says that a number of our countrymen have tendered their services to the Pope to raise companies in defense of his territories, threatened by the troops of Austria.

An attempt was made on Tuesday night to set fire to the confectioner's shop of W. G. Catell, 174 Hanover street, by placing a tin can containing a gallon of camphene on a furnace.

Twenty persons were killed by eating boiled custards at a wedding in Green County, N. C.

Letters from Nova Scotia say that both the wheat and potatoes have failed there. The potatoes, after looking well through the season, turned suddenly worthless.

Two Ex-P

EVENING IN THE CEMETERY.

From the Union Magazine.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

The fair, full moon is beaming clear,
And soft the summer zephyr sighs;
While heavy hangs an evening tear,
At each young flower's sleeping eye.
The branches from the trees around
Throw quivering shadows o'er the ground
Where the dead lie.
And all is silence, peace, and rest;
No soul, no pain, no troubled breast,
Where the dead lie.

Hast thou to heart for earth's vain joys?
"An eye, when they dissolve, to weep?"
A soul content with glittering toys,
Or braced for climbing hum's grand steep?
Come, see what honors here await
Fame, beauty, splendor, power, and state,
Where the dead sleep.

Nor love, nor hope, nor wild desire,
Can e'er the cold, dark shades fire,
Where the dead sleep.
Do trouble's stormy billows roll,
And round thy bark with fury beat?
Do foes assail thy peaceful soul
With strife from which there's no retreat?

Behold how soon, from surge and blast,
Life's bounding bark hath moorings fast,
Where the dead meet!
And side by side with friend and foe
Sleep till the archangel's trumpet shall blow
Where the dead meet!

Hast thou this world of change surveyed,
And seen its tins, the dearest, break?
In faintest rose and laurel fade,
And faded thy portion here to take:
Thy harp, now on the willow hung,
May breathe, for aye of Zion strung,
When the dead wake.

This tear-drenched eyerose born by thee
May bloom a palm of victory,
When the dead wake!

Here let thy spirit plume her wings,
And pierce the night with upturned eyes;
Then soar above earth's transient things,
And place her treasure in the skies.

The dust that marks her forehead now,
I will not weary you with power,
When the dead rise,
Sun, moon, and stars, must pass away;
Thy pearl will shine in endless day,
When the dead rise.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ROSWELL DOUGLASS died of dysentery, in Lowell, Mass., Aug. 28. Dr. Douglass was emphatically "a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and faith." A greater combination of excellencies seldom are found centred in one individual. As a leading characteristic, he was deeply devoted to God. He was benevolent in spirit, charitable in feeling, meek and lowly in heart, unassuming in deportment, intellectual and spiritual in the exercise of all his gifts, judicious in all his movements, firm in principle, accompanied with great urbanity of manners, most loved where he was best known, especially in the sacred precincts of the church and family. But few were more respected as a citizen, and none more honest at heart, or deserving the confidence so generally reposed in him as a gentleman, a philanthropist, or a Christian. The incident have lost a benefactor, nay, the whole community suffer a loss. His labors to mitigate human woes were indefatigable. The sick, the dying, the bereft and afflicted, were the objects of his care and deepest sympathy. His welcome voice could be heard administering balm to the troubled, and in appropriate supplication for the interposition of heaven in behalf of sorrowing ones. His temporal circumstances permitted him, like his Master, "to go about doing good," but the amount of good thus accomplished eternally alone can develop. Dr. D. could never be put in a wrong place of trust and responsibility. Every thing seemed safe in his hands. For about sixteen years he has professed to be a disciple of Jesus, and has honored that profession every step. As a trustee, steward, and leader, (and much of the time he has led two weekly classes,) in the Sabbath School, as teacher or superintendent, in missionary, Bible, and every other good cause, he wanted a part and lot. It was my privilege to witness his conversion and connection with the church, and his manner of life, from that day to his death, more or less, and I can honestly affirm that no man had a higher place in my heart and affections than Roswell Douglass. In all the relations of life, as a husband, parent, brother, and son, he could only be known to be appreciated. But he has gone to his rest. When informed of the judgment of the physicians, touching his life, and that there was no hope, he paused a moment, and said, "Well! rest, sweet rest!" He had one or two severe conflicts, but triumphed over every foe. The parting scene of the family (says his pastor) was touching, almost beyond endurance. The dying husband, the convalescent wife, were seen locked in each other's arms. Hears so long united to each other and to Christ, being thus sundered, rendered emotion too big for utterance; yet it found a partial vent in floods of sanctified tears of affection and love. But grace, precious grace, hurried each to sweet acquiescence in the will of God. From her to his dear children he gazed, and his heart again broke. As he waved his hand, he said, "these pledges"—and here his emotion broke further utterance. But he died as the good man dies. "His end was peace." Scores, if not hundreds, of the heralds of the cross still affectionately remember the kindness and Christian hospitalities of Dr. D., and they will bear up the afflicted family before the throne.

Boston, Sept. 16. A. D. MERRILL.

Dr. ALLEN CLARY died in Georgetown, Sept. 9, aged 92. Dr. C. has been an acceptable member of the M. E. Church about forty years, having been a member of the first class organized in Georgetown. This was done by the Rev. Henry Martyn, soon after he came to the circuit, in 1808. Soon after this, Mr. Martin died, at the early age of 26. His grave is in this town, on a small eminence overlooking the waters of a branch of the Kennebec, marked by a plain marble slab, with an appropriate inscription. Dr. C. lived a Christian life and died a Christian's death. His mind remained surprisingly clear to the last, and his dying testimony was "Glory! Glory!"

Georgetown, Sept. 1847. ALBERT CHURCH.

Miss NANCY MURPHY died in Watertown, Ms., Sept. 17, of consumption, aged 39. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place. The writer frequently visited her during her sickness. Her words were not those of joyous triumph, but of trust and peace through our Lord Jesus Christ. At the last, she waited with glad expectation, but her friends farewell, and called for her Redeemer to come quickly. May this dispensation of divine providence be improved by the church of which she was a member, and sanctified to the friends who mourn her departure.

Watertown, Sept. 20, 1847. D. R.

SOPHIA PERRY died in Manchester, Aug. 17, aged 46. For many years she had been a worthy member of the M. E. Church in this place. Her sickness was long and painful, which she endured with meekness and Christian fortitude. For weeks before she died, her only desire seemed to be to depart and be with Christ. The closing scene of her earthly existence was peaceful and calm as a summer evening. The name of Jesus upon her quivering lips when the Spirit took its flight to the paradise of God.

Manchester, Sept. 9. EZEKIEL ADAMS.

Sister OLIVE, consort of Br. Jacob Stiles, died in Stoneham, Me., Aug. 5, aged 50 years, four months. She was born in Saco, professed religion, and joined the M. E. Church in Harrison, Me., 30 years ago. She was a worthy companion, ready to visit the sick, and to administer to them, and much respected and lamented in death. It was indeed a house of mourning. Br. Stiles was very low with a typhus fever, a sister afflicted with a cancer, and a son sick with fever. May God bless their afflictions to their good.

S. W. PEARCE.

Love, Sept. 15.

SARAH ANN, daughter of Stephen and Sarah Cobey, died in Fairfield, Me., Aug. 1, aged 21 years. She was converted about six years since, joined the M. E. Church, and remained a worthy member to the end of life. The consistent piety which was exhibited in her life was more conspicuously developed in her sickness and death. Her language was that of triumph, her faith was firm. The sweetness of her temper, together with her deep piety, had greatly endeared her to the hearts of her friends.

Fairfield, Me., Sept. 1847. JOSEPH GERRY.

For the Herald and Journal.

CONFERENCE REPORT ON PEACE.

Br. Stevens—I am desirous of calling the attention of our people to the above report, in order to secure their full and hearty co-operation with the Conference, in carrying out its principles and promoting its heavenly objects. I will not weary your readers with a repetition of it, presuming that from its studied brevity, all who have read it, either in your paper, or in the Conference Minutes, are familiar with it. The preamble declares the evil of war in every forcible language, as follows: "War is, and ought to be denounced by Christians, as one of the greatest evils that has ever scourged our race, alike the enemy of morals and religion." &c. Is this doctrine true? A few brief considerations, will, I trust, satisfy every one of its correctness.

1. War originates in the malevolent, proud, and selfish passions of mankind. Its spirit is the spirit of cruelty, hatred, revenge, and every other passion opposed to God and goodness. Its track is marked with desolation, ruin, and death. Its cause is one of licentiousness, drunkenness, and dissipation. Mingled with the cry of victory, are heard the groans of the dying and wounded,—the shrieks of violated innocence, and fearful hellish imprecations. It leaves, strewn along its path, multitudes of maimed and mutilated, widows and orphans. It destroys the labor of years, and robs industry of its gains. It peoples hell with countless numbers, multitudes of whom go down with an oath on their lips, and revenge in their hearts. It is essentially barbarous and inhuman, pleasing only to the evil spirit, whose work it is. Of it no good can be said, except as the devastating flame, or the desolating whirlwind, or the volcanic eruption. Who would think to set forth the praises of these scourges of nature? Who would plead for a visitation of war in their midst?

2. Look at war as connected with social and domestic life. See that fond mother as she bends in tears over a dear son, who is called away to the battlefield. How wrings her heart with anguish at the prospect before her. The dear sister, too, with what fondness do they linger around him and delay his departure. But he tears himself away from their embraces. A few days' lapse, and the dread tidings reach them that he has fallen and perished. This is not the picture of one, but is even now every day occurrence. Even in our midst the wail of bereaved parents and friends have risen with the sound of victory. There would be some consolation if he had died at home, or even abroad, in a peaceful and honorable avocation, but to die on the field of battle with murder in his heart, O, it is too painful to contemplate. I know one Christian father whose son perished among the everglades of Florida, who, whatever his previous views of war, now holds it in utter detestation, and the very mention of it brings anguish to his heart. War's ruthless hand lays open the keenest sympathies of nature, and tears, and lacerates them without a single merciful relief. It enters the domestic circle, where all is joy and gladness, and soon clothes it with dire gloom and sadness.

3. War is all that the preamble to the report says it is, if we but consider its influence on the ordinary. And what is this but evil, only evil, and that continually? Where are the redeeming effects? In vain do we look for them. The great warrior Wellington tells us, "that men who are scrupulous on religious concerns, are not fit for soldiers." Bonaparte declared the same. And who can doubt it? War recognizes no Sabbath. Her principal battles have been fought on the Sabbath. War authorizes plunder, violence, outrage, brutality, and licentiousness. The camps of the soldiers are scenes of continual gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery. We meet Bibles and tracts in their hands; we may put among them chaplains, yet war is demoralizing in its influence upon the soldiery. And when those return who escape from the varied perils to which they have been exposed, we find them generally hardened, depraved infidels. No man returns a better man from the battle field, under ordinary circumstances.

But time and space fail me to show the effects of war upon national vigor and prosperity—upon the cause of vital Christianity—upon the moral reforms which seek to renovate society, and upon the cause of civil liberty, are in the highest degree deleterious, and will sooner or later bring disaster upon even those who successfully prosecute it. Such has been the history of the most warlike nations of the world, and of the most renowned conquerors. Perhaps, however, may be considered useless to seek to convince the public of this, because so manifest and clearly revealed is the character of war, none can be unconvicted. I will, therefore, in another article, endeavor to bring out to your serious consideration, some of the points involved in the resolutions of the report.

C. S. MACREADING.

Webster, Sept. 14, 1847.

A SIMPLE FACT.

Seven years ago, while engaged one Sabbath forenoon in circulating the temperance pledge among our colored friends at Pittsburg, I received one sad tale of sorrow from their lips. Among those who signed the pledge, I recollect one who was a married woman, aged thirty-four years, apparently a person of veracity. Her tale was in substance the following:

"When I was nine years old, I was sold, and taken away from my father and mother, and have ever since then. They were both Chris-

tians. It almost killed my father when he saw me about to be separated from him. I recollect, as the horse stood by the door, and I was put on his back, being too young to walk, my father came up to the horse and took hold of my little feet; and then he prayed to God to take care of me, and while he was praying for me he felt so bad to have me go away, that he fainted and fell down on the ground alongside of the horse.

"My mother was a Christian too, and when she bid me farewell, she said, 'Sarah, when you hear I am dead, don't cry for me, I shall be in heaven. Be a good girl, and prepare to meet me there.' Since that morning, which is now twenty years, I have never seen my dear mother and father; and I never expect to see them in this world. I have eight brothers and sisters scattered through the different slave States, and have not seen one of them these seventeen years."

Honest reader, have you a mother? What would be your feelings if she were now toiling on a plantation, and you her child had not seen her since you were nine years old? Have you a father? How would you feel if your aged father were now a doomed slave, and you had no expectation of seeing him this side of heaven? Are you a father? And have you a little girl whom you love? You never yet knew the pang of a parent that was not merely sundered from a darling child, but compelled to see that child go forth in infancy, a prey to a merciless world. Are you a mother? And would you not feel that your little daughter, severed from her mother's tender care, would fall an easy prey to sin, and never meet you in heaven?

Friendly reader, do you "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them?" If you do, remember this also, that "Each little mortal, weak and weary though he be, can do something toward making up the mighty stream of human events, as it rolls on to the ocean of eternity."

A FABLE.

It happened once, that all the animals—beasts, birds, fishes and insects—were assembled to hear a sermon from one of their number; I have not been informed who was the orator. The subject of the discourse was the duty of the living to the dead; and the audience seemed much delighted with the number and variety of the motives presented. As they went to their respective homes, after the performance, thus they moralized to themselves:

Said the ant, "This sermon is a very good one for some folks, but it has no sort of application to me. What can such a poor, little, crawling thing as I, do for the good of the universe? Besides, I have so large a family of my own to provide for, that it requires all my time and attention. If I had wings like the butterfly, I would not live so useless a life as he does."

Said the butterfly, "I am really ashamed of the ant, who has such stores laid up, that she does more good with them. I am sure, if I were half as rich, I would supply all the poor in the neighborhood. But when I can hardly get enough for myself how can I help others?"

The little fish complained that he had neither time, nor talents, nor opportunity of doing good; he was also so insignificant that he had no influence; and moreover, he had to get food for himself, and take care that he was not made food for others. If he were only as large and strong as the whale, he might be useful.

The sheep declared that as he had no horns to defend himself, it was absurd to think of his doing any thing for others. He hoped his neighbor the goat would apply the sermon to himself.

Thus each excused himself; and on the whole, the sole result of the discourse so much applauded, was to convince each that himself was most unfortunate, and his neighbors without excuse.

Moral.—People who won't do their duty in the situation in which they are, would not be likely to be in another.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WAS GENEROUS.

A little girl was once walking with her father, and they were talking together. They were talking about being generous. The father told the little girl that it meant "to give to others what would do them good, even if we had to go without ourselves." He also told her, that generous people were happy; because nobody could deny himself any thing, in order to give it to another, without feeling happy; so that no one ever lost anything by being generous, because God would make him happy for doing so. He then asked her if she believed this. She said, "Yes, father."

In the course of their walk they went into a bookstore. The little girl said, "Father, I want one of these new books very much." "So do I," said the father; but I cannot afford to buy each of us one. But here is some money; and you may do just as you please; you may buy a book and give it to your father, and go without yourself, or you may buy one yourself and I will go without. Do just as you please." The little girl hung her head and looked at the new books; but then she thought of what her father said about being generous, and she had faith in his words. She looked at the books, and she saw a book she had heard of before. The book was therefore bought. And the child felt happy, because she had believed her father, and because she had been generous. The bookseller, however, overheard the conversation, and was so much pleased at the faith and the generosity of the little girl that he gave her a very beautiful book.

This was having faith in her father. But this is not the kind spoken of in the Bible. For a child might believe a father, and have a strong faith in him, and yet be, towards God, a very wicked child.

Mr. Cecil gives us a beautiful account of the manner in which he taught his little daughter what is meant by faith. "She was playing one day with a few beads, which seemed to delight her wonderfully. Her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said,

"My dear, you have some pretty beads there."

"Yes, papa."

"And you seem to be vastly pleased with them."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, now, throw them behind the fire."

"The tears started into her eyes. She looked earnestly at me, as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice."

"Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do anything which I did not think would be good for you."

"She looked at me a few moments longer, and then summoning up all her fortitude—her breast heaving with the effort—she dashed them into the fire."

"Well," said I, "there let them lie; you shall hear more about them another time; but say no more about them now."

"Some days after, I bought her a box full of larger beads, and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure, and set it before her; she burst into tears of ecstasy. 'Those, my child,' said I, 'are yours; because you believed me, when I told you they would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Now, that has brought

you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember as long as you live, what FAITH is. You threw your beads away when I bid you, because you had faith in me, that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God.—Believe every thing he says in his Word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in him that he means you good."

This, too, was faith in a father; but the little girl might have had it, even if she had been a heathen child. It was not the faith required in the Bible, because it was not faith in God himself.

I will now tell you what is faith in the care of God. A lady and her husband were standing on the deck of a ship during an awful storm. The winds howled, and the ship was tossed like a feather over the great waves. The lady had to hold on with both hands to keep from falling. She was very much frightened, and asked her husband if he was not afraid. He said nothing, but in a moment after, he held a naked sword with its point close to her breast, and asked her, "Are you not afraid?"

"Why not? Do you not see this sword within an inch of your heart?"

"Yes," said he, "and it is my heavenly Father who holds this storm in his hand, the winds and the waves; and why should I be afraid? No, I am not afraid!"

This was faith in the care of God. God was pleased with it. Now see. Was not the gentleman pleased to see that his wife had so much faith in his love as not to be afraid, though he held a drawn sword to her heart? Yes, he must have been pleased. And so God was pleased to see him put so much faith in his care, when the storm was raging, and the ship seemed like being destroyed.—Todd's Lectures to Children.

THE PRISONER'S INMATE.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Shut out from our observation, and removed by their crimes from sympathy, we rarely think of the lonely inmates of a dreary prison. Yet now and then some one looks in upon them, and reveals a secret of their gloomy abode. We occasionally get a glance at the wretch who has been cut off from an intercourse with his fellows, and enabled to sustain a human nature under one of the most painful circumstances that can afflict man's mortal feelings; and though we may regret the stern necessity, yet we can never but acknowledge the justice of that punishment which frees society from danger and degradation. I have been led to these reflections by observing an account in the "United States Gazette" of a visit to the old "Walnut Street Prison," a gloomy looking structure which stands at the corner of Walnut and Sixth streets, previous to the removal of its inmates. Several interesting incidents are noted, and among them the following:—

The keeper paused with his visitors before the cell of a poor creature who had been confined there for ten long years. After having held some conversation with the prisoner, they were about leaving him, when the following touching incident occurred. It tells its own story eloquently:—

Having answered the questions which he put to us on important subjects, with what little ability we had, and added the advice which mankind are more ready to give than to follow, we prepared to depart; a slight flush came to the cheek of the prisoner as he pressed his forehead against the bars of his cell, and his hand, which long absence from labor and from light had blanched to the lustre of infancy, was thrust through the aperture, not to seize ours, nor merely to solicit, but rather as if in the hope that accident might favor him with a contact. Man, leprous with crime, is human, and a warm touch of pity passes with electric swiftness to the heart. Tears from that fountain that had long been dried up, fell fast and heavy upon the dungeon floor.

The keeper moved away from the grate, and we were about to follow, when the prisoner said, in a low voice: "One word more if you please. You seem to understand these things. Do the spirits of the departed ever come back to witness the actions and situations of the living?"

"Many people believe it," we replied; "and the Scripture says that there is joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth on earth. It may, therefore, be true."

"It may be," said the man. "My poor, poor mother!"

"My poor, poor mother!" How much was involved in that touching expression, uttered under circumstances so deeply painful! How much of wretchedness! How much of hope! Blackened with crime, as was the soul of that man—hardened with iniquity, one spot remained untainted,—one green island bloomed afar off in the desert of his mind. A mother's pure affection—a mother's undying love, could not be forgotten; and by that slender cord, he whose compassion for his erring children never wavers, held him back from utter destruction. In that thought, of regard for his mother, reposed the germ of all good. In that resided the power by which even the condemned criminal might be elevated to heaven. Let the mother never weary—the seed sown early upon the heart of her child may become fruitful after many years of sin and folly.

AN ANECDOTE OF A SHOEMAKER.

Shoemakers have, in all ages, been a somewhat remarkable class of men. Meditative and energetic, as it would appear, from the nature of their profession, they have at various times distinguished themselves as patriots, men of letters, and generally useful members of society. Numerous anecdotes are related of individuals who have thus imparted a glory to the "gentle craft," as shoemaking has been called since the days of the illustrious Crispin. In a small and interesting work, entitled "Crispin Anecdotes," we find the following case illustrated.

Timothy Bennett, a shoemaker, resided in the village of Hampton-Wick, near Richmond, in Surrey. The first passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through Bush Park, (a royal demesne,) had been for many years shut up from the public. This honest Englishman, "unwilling," as he said, "to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process. "I have seven hundred pounds," said this honest patriot, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt; it is all I have, and has been meditated through a long course of honest industry." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce the result; and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigor in the prosecution of this public claim. In the mean time Lord Halifax, ranger of Bushy Park, was made acquainted with his intentions, and sent for him. "Who are you, sir," inquired his lordship, "that have the assurance to meddle in this affair?"

"My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton-Wick. I remember, and I please your lordship, when I was a young man, of seeing, while sitting at my work, the people cheerfully passing by to Kingston market, but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about through a hot, sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens; and I am unwilling (it was his favorite expression) to leave the world worse than I found it. This, my Lord, I humbly represent is the reason of my conduct."

The wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way.

The weakness and thoughtlessness of youth are their apology, but there is no apology for persons of this class, who, with the coolness of philosophy, and the cupidity of avarice, take upon themselves the vows of a married life, after having entered into such stipulations, as, to a great extent, divest it of half its interest, and neutralize the ends of the appointment.

"Begone; you are an impertinent fellow!" replied his lordship. However, upon mature reflection, being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat—Lord Halifax, the nobleman, consulted by Timothy Bennett, the shoemaker, he desisted from his opposition, and opened the road, which is enjoyed, without molestation, to this day.—Chambers' Edinburgh Miscellany.

DROWNING—MEMORY—CONSCIOUSNESS.

Some of our readers may recollect a case we published some twelve months since, of the wreck of the steamer New York, off the coast of Texas, and of the narrative of one of the survivors of the character and clearness with which the act of his life stood out before his mind, in the act of drowning. Memory seemed to be suddenly illumined, and expanded, and consciousness was felt every thing he ever did in his life. It was a strange and thrilling statement. A somewhat similar narrative may be found on the fourth page of our present issue. We invite attention to it. The fact is interesting, the subject it involves—the independent existence of the mind, the power of memory, the nature of consciousness, or whatever we may call it—is of full importance; and cannot fail to attract the Christian student.

We avail ourselves of the occasion of giving publicity to the case referred to, to introduce another, the difficulty, but positively denied owing him any thing, and strongly intimated the presence of a fraudulent design on the part of A. Without legal proof, and therefore without redress, he had to endure both the loss of his money, and the suspicion of a dishonorable intention in urging the claim. Several years passed away, without any change in the nature of the case or its facts as above given, when one afternoon while bathing in James River, A, either from inability to swim, or cramp, or some other cause, was discovered to be drowning. He had sunk and risen several times, and was floating away under the water, when he was seized and drawn to the shore.

The usual remedies were applied to resuscitate him, and though there were signs of life, there was no appearance of consciousness. He was taken home in a state of complete exhaustion, and remained so for some days. On the first return of strength to walk, he left his bed, went to his book case, took out a book, opened it, and handed his long lost bond to a friend who was present. He then informed him that when drowning, and sinking, as he supposed, to rise no more, in a moment there stood out distinctly before his mind as a picture, every act of his life, from early childhood to the hour of his sinking beneath the water, and among them the circumstance of his putting the bond in a book, the book itself, and the place in which he had put it in the book case! It is needless to say he recovered "his own with usury."

We may leave these facts to the metaphysician, for such solution as may accord with his views of mind, in its individuality and innate properties. We may be pardoned if we regard such facts as possessed of vast interest to the moralist and the Christian.—Rich. Ch. Adv.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

BY REV. M. MORIN.

There is a common understanding, that for a woman to seek a husband, either by force or by fraud, is both a violation of good manners, and a risk of moral virtue.

And yet that is sometimes done, and with woful effect, is not to be disputed. This is not unfrequently the result of the most infamous practice of match-making, which obtains in some sections of country. A scheme is devised by one or more minds, which shall in its progressive development, ensnare an old or young man as the case may be, and place him in such a situation that his conduct or conversation may be an implied promise of marriage, a thing which he never had hoped for, and which, because he never thought of it, he never feared. But no sooner are the plans fairly adjusted, and in efficient operation, than incidental disclosures advise him of the real state of things. Most gladly would this unsuspecting victim of a combination now hasten his escape from the windy storm and tempest; but it is too late, he is threatened with the penalties of the law, and the anathemas of religion. The state is invoked to unsheathe the sword of civil power, and the church is called upon to fulminate her thunders, and try to satisfy the pure love of some venerable widow, or still more venerable virgin. Terrified by such an array, the party most deeply interested consents to be persecuted into a married life. The parties have a special meeting in the presence of select friends, a marriage contract is formed, (shame, where is thy blush!) writings are drawn, and an agreement entered into; it is signed, sealed, and delivered. And what is its import? Why, that the parties will live together as man and wife, but have no part or interest in each other's property; these are, by previous stipulations, as separate as before the marriage, and are watched over with an increased solicitude and jealousy proportioned to the increase of danger. I submit it to any one to say whether there is not here a most shameful exhibition of two of the most unseemly passions in human nature grappling with each other, licentiousness and avarice. In this case, the woman declares in the presence of God and man, that she does love, and will love, a man whom she has taken as her husband for better or worse, and to whom she actually consents the keeping of her person, but still she would not trust him with even a few hundred dollars.

Is not this a manifest desecration of the institution? Can it be said, in truth, of any two persons after such an arrangement, that they are no more twain, but one flesh? Are they not two in every sense but one? It is admitted that they live in the same house, and form a part of the same family compact, but they have two separate hearts, interests, and agencies; we may excuse—

THE HABIT OF PRAYER.

The believer's character, I give myself unto prayer, shows that he is continually in the spirit of prayer. The lifting up of holy desires unto God, will only quicken us, and animate us in the performance of the daily labors of our life. Such a habitually devout disposition of mind, the expression of which is sometimes called ejaculatory prayer, will make every action of life holy. We shall learn to do nothing without connecting it with prayer with the presence and glory of God. We shall see nothing, and hear nothing, without his raising our hearts unto him. What a spiritual life may the Christian, improving everything by prayer, lead! This will consecrate every field, and every word, and every dwelling place, and turn an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice.—Bickersteth.

TIME LOST.

One of the sands in the hour-glass of time is, beyond comparison, more precious than gold—In nothing is waste more ruinous, or more sure to bring unavailing regrets. Better to throw away money than moments; for time is much more than money. As we lose our days, we lose the increasing risk of losing our souls. The life-blood of the soul runs out in wasted time. The years which have winged their flight have gone to be recording angels; and what is the record they have borne to heaven's throne? "The report testify for or against us, when the throne of the Son of Man shall be set, and the BOOKS SHALL BE OPENED?"

TERMS.

OF THE HERALD AND JOURNAL.

The Association of brethren who undertake the risk and care of publishing this Paper, do it solely for the benefit of the Church and the cause of Christ, without receiving any fee or reward whatever for their services. The profits that accrue, after paying the necessary expenses of publishing, are paid to the New England, Maine, New Hampshire, Providence and Vermont Conferences.

1. The HERALD AND JOURNAL is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum, in advance.

2. All the traveling preachers in the New England, Providence, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Conferences, are authorized agents, to whom payment may be made.

3. All Communications designed for publication, should be addressed to the Editor, at Boston, post paid.

4. Letters on business should be addressed to the Agent, at Boston, and be post paid, unless containing \$10.00 or five times subscribers.

5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving facts, to be particularly to write the names of subscribers in full and the name of the Post Office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake.

A. FORBES, Printer, 37 Cornhill.

YANKEE SHREWDNESS.

When the prospect of forming a large manufacturing town on the Merrimack River was in contemplation, some of the persons concerned sent up Mr. B., a young gentleman skilled as an engineer, and who was also fond of sporting, to view the water privileges carefully, and to make inquiry as to the price of land in the vicinity. He went with his dog, gun, and fishing-tackle, and obtained board in a farmer's house, a Mr. F., and spent his time in viewing the falls, and the fishing. After spending some time there, in talking with the farmer, one evening he told him that he liked the place very well, and thought he should be pleased to come and live there. The man said, he should be pleased to have him.

"Well, Mr. F., what will you take for your farm?"

"Why, I don't want to sell it, Mr. B.; nor would I, unless I can get twice what it is worth, as I am satisfied here, and don't want to move."

"